

FREMONT, JOHN C.

DRAWER 9B

UNION - OCT. 1862

71.2009 025.04045



# Civil War Officers Union

John Charles Frémont

Excerpts from newspapers and other  
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WHY FREMONT'S PROCLAMATION WAS  
MODIFIED.

The Louisville Journal of the 13th inst. says :

" We have just seen a dispatch, dated Washington, Sept. 11, and from the highest authority, which states that the corrections desired by the Union men of Kentucky in FREMONT'S proclamation on the two points, the turning loose of confiscated negroes, and the penalties, attached to men who may have taken up arms for a day only, and afterwards served the United States faithfully, will be made immediately. Under FREMONT'S proclamation, men in this condition were as much subject to punishment as those who persisted in the rebellion up to the date of the proclamation. We repeat, these two points will be corrected. The confiscated negroes will not be set free, and encouragement will be held out to men to lay down their arms, and receive pardon for the past. We publish this by authority."

FREMONT'S MANUMISSION PROCLAMATIONS

HEAD-QUARTERS WESTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE  
U. S. ARMY, ST. LOUIS, SEPT. 12, 1861.

The Major-General commanding the Western Department, having satisfactory evidence that THOMAS L. SNEAD, of the City and County of St. Louis, and State of Missouri, has been taking active part with the enemies of the United States in the present insurrectionary movement against its Government; and the Military Commission, now in session at the Arsenal in this city, having reported the fact to these head-quarters as the result of its deliberations, the Major-General Commanding has executed and ordered to be published the following Deeds of Manumission:

DEED OF MANUMISSION.

Whereas, THOMAS L. SNEAD, of the City and County of St. Louis, State of Missouri, has been taking active part with the enemies of the United States, in the present insurrectionary movement against the Government of the United States; Now, therefore, I, JOHN CHARLES FREMONT, Major-General Commanding the Western Department of the Army of the United States, by authority of law, and the power vested in me as such commanding General, declare FRANK LEWIS, heretofore held to "service or labor" by said THOMAS L. SNEAD, to be free and forever discharged from the bonds of servitude, giving him full right and authority to have, use and control his own labor, or service, as to him may seem proper, without any accountability whatever to said THOMAS L. SNEAD or any one to claim by, through or under him. And this Deed of Manumission shall be respected and treated by all persons, and in all Courts of Justice, as the full and complete evidence of the freedom of said FRANK LEWIS.

In testimony whereof, this act is done at the head-quarters of the Western Department of the Army of the United States, in the City of St. Louis, State of Missouri, on the 12th day of September, A. D. 1861, as is evidenced by the Departmental seal hereto affixed by my order.

J. C. FREMONT,  
Major-General Commanding.

DEED OF MANUMISSION.

Whereas, THOMAS L. SNEAD, of the City and County of St. Louis, State of Missouri, has been taking an active part with the enemies of the United States, in the present insurrectionary movement against the

Government of the United States; now, therefore, I, JOHN CHARLES FREMONT, Major-General commanding the Western Department of the Army of the United States, by authority of law, and the power vested in me, as such commanding General, declare HIRAM REED, heretofore held to service or labor, by THOMAS L. SNEAD, to be free, and forever discharged from the bonds of servitude, giving him full right and authority to have, use and control his own labor or service, as to him may seem proper, without any accountability whatever to said THOMAS L. SNEAD, or any one to claim by, through or under him.

And this Deed of Manumission shall be respected and treated by all persons, and in all Courts of Justice, as the full and complete evidence of the freedom of said HIRAM REED.

In testimony whereof, this act is done at head-quarters of the Western Department of the Army of the United States, in the City of St. Louis, State of Missouri, on this 12th day of September, A. D. 1861, as is evidenced by the Departmental seal hereto affixed by my order.

J. C. FREMONT,  
Major-General Commanding.

Done at the office of the Provost-Marshal, in the City of St. Louis, this 12th day of September, A. D. 1861, at 9 o'clock in the evening of said day.

Witness my hand and seal of office hereto affixed.

J. McKINSTRY,  
Brigadier-General, Provost-Marshal.





# EVENING TRANSCRIPT.

TUESDAY EVENING, SEPT. 17, 1861.

## SECOND EDITION.

THE PRESIDENT AND GENERAL FREMONT. In a time like this subordination is indispensable. Gen. Fremont must obey the President. We have no doubt that the General's duty to his country will be paramount to what he believes was a most unfortunate error of judgment in the President. The country cannot spare the General from its service, and nothing but bitter necessity will ever induce a comparison between the President who might have been elected in 1856, and the President who was elected in 1860. As a matter of feeling and of policy, we should avoid the discussion of this unfortunate difference, were this central question not sure to arise again and again if this war goes on.

But neither the direct conflict of opinion between the two today, nor the immense importance of the action of the government and its generals on the great questions involved, will allow us to mince this matter. And we say unhesitatingly that the great blunders of this administration from the start have sprung from the policy, urged by the Secretary of State and adopted by the President, of "What will the border States do?" instead of "What *shall* the border States do?"

This policy, weak, hesitating, mistaken, was inaugurated by that first six weeks of fatal adoption of Mr. Buchanan's unmasterly inactivity, which not only handed the States which followed the original seven to the conspirators, but for fear of offence, lost its own forts, navy yards, arsenals and strategic bases of operation.

What the great bulk of the people of all parties foresaw, has been the lesson of the last five months; so sad, so sure, so unmistakable, that we had hoped the Government were at last fully up to the wisdom, temper and determination of the people, whose war this is. We mean nothing fanatical or unconstitutional. We only mean the dictates of plain common sense, which proclaimed, as State after State was lost, that what the traitors and neutrals of the border States feared and respected—and what their Union men desired for protection—was *military power*. Tennessee was lost for want of it. Maryland was only saved, and is only held through it. Even Western Virginia was only preserved by troops from without its borders. Kentucky, starting with the mean denial of its quota of troops through a secession Governor, and openly furnishing soldiers to the enemies of the Union, its people divided then and now into active secessionists, earnest Unionists, and a great body of persons occupying the intermediate, unconstitutional and disgraceful position of "neutrals"—sure to join whichever party is supported by the largest force from without; Kentucky, the home of Clay, the birthplace of Lincoln, with her immense nominal majority for Union, is utterly unable (if her Holts and Prentices know her position) to crush her own traitors and defend her own borders without a large army from the free States.

The time for "shilly-shallying" with any Border State, if it was ever wise, passed months ago. Military power and wholesome fear were the true touchstone of Union. To prevent just such military necessities for martial law and its consequences as have arisen in Missouri, the stern announcement of the application, when necessary, of doctrines like those of Fremont, supported by sufficient armies, was needed at the very time when this Government was rejecting the 500,000 loyal men who sprang patriotically to their feet, and who would, if then accepted, have been an army sufficiently drilled for past and immediate efficiency. Can it be that still "What will Kentucky do?" is the timid cry of this administration!

And now, through whose fault was it that these terrible military necessities have arisen in Missouri? Heaven knows that Fremont did not wish

them, though he rose, imminent in this great emergency, to meet them. We owe the loss and devastation of a large part of its territory, the division of counties, towns, neighborhoods and families against themselves, the threatening of Cairo and even St. Louis, and sadder than all the loss of our heroic Gen. Lyon, to the failure of this Government to send the very few regiments and arms a week before the battle of Springfield which it waked up to send a week after.

We have heretofore shown that if ever the emergency for martial law could come, it was upon Gen. Fremont, dictating his imperative duty. And now let us see what he had the power to do and what he did. He was, the President admits, the judge of that emergency. He should have been supported in his acts under it unless he clearly transcended his powers. No publicist or lawyer will, for a moment, pretend, that, martial law once proclaimed, he was to find its interpretation and its limitation in the act of Congress relative to confiscation. Neither that act nor martial law can be narrowed to any such absurd limits. This act, designed especially for such circumstances as those in Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri, so long as the laws of those States were not supplanted by martial law, does not in terms or by implication bind a General in the field to limit martial law to its exact methods, but leaves it open to the broad, bold and indispensable laws of war and of nations, with reference to the protection of his government in an emergency of which he is the judge. In fact that act, without much subtlety of interpretation, can be far more easily found to support and justify his exact action, than that action can be condemned because it had no other support than that law. When the municipal laws of Missouri and the relations of master and slave are annulled, what or who is the slave? What do confiscation and forfeiture mean?

The President finds no difficulty in overriding the Constitution and laws where martial law has not been proclaimed, by arresting the free citizens of free States, without public charges, sometimes entirely in mistake, always without legal proof; sometimes abandoning those taken when threatened with *habeas corpus*; sometimes defying *habeas corpus* itself; and all loyal citizens rejoice to see such decisiveness in this great crisis in our history. But compared with this high-handed exercise of power in the loyal States, the action of General Fremont, in an imminent deadly struggle with traitors from within and without for the very existence of government in the State which is the key to Kansas and the Pacific, and to Cairo and Memphis, is as simple as it is necessary and inevitable. Why this extreme tenderness for the rebel owners of negroes, where the stern decrees of martial law are thrown over a death-grapple for mastery, which has its origin in a scheme of slave-propagandism, and when this blow can hit a vital spot in the foe,—and at the same time this unhesitating assault upon the personal freedom of white citizens undicted, untried and unconvicted, in the loyal States? If weakness must be shown in either case, the free States can much more easily dispose of their suspected traitors through their courts of law, than Fremont acting on the defensive, can repel the blows struck at the very heart of his power. If the Government must have held back any hand, it should have been its own.

We believe in the constitutional rights of loyal States and loyal citizens. So does Gen. Fremont. But we believe also in martial law for great emergencies, and that when we are at war we should conquer our enemies by the application of military means to military ends. Of what earthly use is the strict letter of the confiscation act to General Fremont in the crisis in Missouri? In the smoke and din of battle can he stop, before declaring free the slaves of masters who are armed to kill his soldiers, to hear proof that the slaves did or did not help build entrenchments? Martial law and his duty as a General, unlimited by and not conflicting with the act of confiscation, tell him he has no right when fighting for life to fail to strike any and every blow known to the laws of

war and of nations. Though not at war with a foreign power, we are in actual war, and martial law once proclaimed carries with it the usages of war and the interpretations of the laws of war.

Some loyal men may possibly suppose that the emergency in Missouri was not sufficient. Of

that question they may have an opinion, but they cannot be the judges. But is there an honest man foolish enough to suppose that in conceivable cases of still more terrible necessity, Gen. Fremont and the President cannot apply the doctrines of the late proclamation without summoning a special session of Congress—to meet, perhaps, when the sword has been struck from the General's hand, because he did not deal a fair military blow?

We have no doubt that the proclamation of Gen. Fremont was operating as a wholesome warning to Kentucky. Were it the last as well as the first instance of such a military necessity, we should have avoided all discussion of it. But that we may be prepared for the right action in the uncertain future, it is an imperative duty to discuss boldly and fairly the policy for which this great and pregnant case bids us be ready.





# DESPATCH FROM GEN. FREMONT TO THE PRESIDENT.

*B. Transcript* — Sept 28, 1861  
**Non-Arrival of Reinforcements  
at Lexington Explained.**

## FREMONT TAKES THE FIELD IN PERSON.

## HE EXPECTS TO DESTROY THE ENEMY.

*St. Louis, 26th.* The following is the text of the original telegram sent by General Fremont to Washington, relative to the surrender of Lexington:

HEADQUARTERS WESTERN DEPARTMENT, }  
ST. LOUIS, Sept. 23d, 1861.

*Col. E. D. Townsend, Adjutant General:*—I have a telegram from Brookfield that Lexington has fallen into Price's hands, he having cut off Col. Mulligan's supply of water.

Reinforcements 4000 strong, under Sturges, by the capture of the ferry boats, had no means of crossing the river in time. Lane's force, from the southward, and Davis, from the southeast—with upward of 11,000 men in all—could not get there in time.

I am taking the field myself and hope to destroy the enemy either before or after the junction of the forces under McCulloch. Please notify the President immediately.

• (Signed)

J. C. FREMONT.



### Gen. Fremont and the Government.

It will be seen by President LINCOLN's letter in another column that a somewhat serious difference has arisen between him and Gen. FREMONT, which may possibly lead to the removal of the latter from his command in the Western Department. Such a step, if the affair should have that result, will excite a very general feeling of regret.

We gave yesterday, and reproduce this morning, the letter from the President to Gen. FREMONT, in reference to the confiscations of rebel property. For some time past there have been unsatisfactory rumors to the effect that serious disagreements existed between the Government and the Commander of the Department of the West, arising out of several vexed questions, but principally from a clause in the proclamation issued by Gen. FREMONT on the 30th of last month, in regard to the slaves of disloyal citizens. It was even stated confidently that the young and impetuous General of the West was, in consequence of such conflicting opinions, to be relieved of his command.

It is natural for people to abhor half-way measures, and adopt for their heroes the men who never hesitate or doubt, but cut with the sword every knot of law or policy that checks the movement of revolution. Our people have therefore hailed FREMONT as the real hero of the crisis, and have not stopped to ask the question whether he was acting in harmony with the National Government, or was setting up an independent government of his own. Yet sooner or later this question was to be asked, and answered. The Government could not do otherwise than ask it:—nor, unless he has made up his mind to be silently superseded, can the President permit any General, however vigorous or popular, to initiate a policy at war with that which the Government has prescribed for the conduct of all its officers. Whatever may be his personal feelings or opinions, no man can fail to see the absolute necessity imposed upon every officer of governing his conduct, solely and exclusively, by the orders he may receive from Washington. Unless we are prepared to split up at once into as many nations as we have Major-Generals in the field, no one of them must assume to mark out for himself a course of action different from that prescribed by the authority from which they all derive their power, and to which they all owe allegiance. Any other course is not only fatal to unity of action, but strikes at the very root of that National unity, in defence of which the war is waged.

Whatever may be thought of the intrinsic merit of his action, we fear it cannot be doubted that Gen. FREMONT consulted his own judgment and will, far more than the laws of Congress or the orders of the President. If Congress had made no law in regard to it, but had left the whole matter open to the military discretion of the commanding Generals, Gen. FREMONT's action would wear a different aspect. But this was not the case. Congress did take action upon it. It did make laws to cover the whole question; and those laws are binding upon the entire Executive authority of the country, from the President to the lowest of his subordinates.

The law of Congress on this subject bears date Aug. 6, 1861. Its first section provides that if, during any insurrection too formidable to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, any person, directly or by an agent,

"Shall purchase or acquire, sell or give, any property of whatsoever kind or description, with intent to use or employ the same, or suffer the same to be used or employed, in aiding, promoting or abetting such insurrection or resistance to the laws, or any person or persons engaged therein:—or if any person or persons, being the owner or owners of any such property, shall knowingly use or employ, or consent to the use or employment of the same as aforesaid, all such property is hereby declared to be lawful subject of prize and capture wherever found."

The section defines, with great accuracy, the property which shall be subject to seizure and confiscation. It is not enough that this property may belong to rebels:—it must be employed directly, with its owner's knowledge and consent, in "aiding, abetting or promoting the insurrection." The second section declares that all such prizes and captures shall be condemned in the Courts of the United States. The third provides for giving one-half the prizes to informers, when the proceedings shall be taken on information. And the fourth section relates to the case of slaves,—and provides as follows:

SECTION 4. And be it further enacted, That whenever hereafter, during the present insurrection against the Government of the United States, any person claimed to be held to labor or service under the law of any State, shall be required or permitted by the person to whom such labor or service is claimed to be due, or by the lawful agent of such person, to take up arms against the United States; or shall be required or permitted by the person to whom such labor or service is claimed to be due, or his lawful agent, to work or to be employed in or upon any fort, Navy-yard, dock, armory, ship, intrenchment, or in any military or naval service whatever, against the Government and lawful authority of the United States, then, and in every such case, the person to whom such labor or service is claimed to be due shall forfeit his claim to such labor, any law of the State or of the United States to the contrary notwithstanding. And whenever thereafter the person claiming such labor or service shall seek to enforce his claim, it shall be a full and sufficient answer to such claim, that the person whose service or labor is claimed, had been employed in hostile service against the Government of the United States, contrary to the provisions of this act.

This language is very guarded and precise. It clearly places the enfranchisement of slaves upon precisely the same footing as the first section had provided for the confiscation of property:—the condition requisite in each case is that both—the property and slaves—shall have been employed directly, with the knowledge and consent of the owner, in *aiding the rebellion*. In every such case, they may be confiscated:—in every other case, by clear implication, they cannot. This is the law of the land concerning the forfeiture of rebel property. Gen. FREMONT's proclamation went further. It declared that—

"The property, real and personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri, who shall take up arms against the United States, or who shall be directly proven to have taken active part with their enemies in the field, is declared to be confiscated to the public use, and their slaves, if any they have, are hereby declared free men."

This proclamation confiscated an immense amount of property, and enfranchised an immense number of slaves, which the law of Congress leaves untouched. It went far beyond the law of Congress,—it made, in fact, a new law, embracing far more sweeping penalties and covering a multitude of cases which the law of Congress did not reach. It may be said that the ships, owned in whole or in part by Southern men, and lying in our ports, are seized and confiscated:—and that neither the slaves nor any other property

of Southern rebels should enjoy a greater immunity. But this seizure of ships is in pursuance of a special law, made to enforce the prohibition of commercial intercourse with States in rebellion, and not to cover any other cases than those to which its terms apply. Besides, we are not now considering the justice or injustice of Gen. FREMONT's proclamation,—but only the question of its conformity to the laws of Congress and the action of the Government under which he holds his commission. And we see no way of escaping the conviction that the General transcended any authority vested in him by the law, or by the orders of the Commander-in-Chief under whom he acts. For nothing is more clear than that President LINCOLN has, from the very beginning of this rebellion, adhered with rigid fidelity to the letter of the law and the Constitution in everything he has done concerning Slavery. In all his speeches, messages and proclamations, he has declared his purpose, in every particular, to respect the rights of the Southern people. We have high authority for saying that he signed the act of Congress, from which we have quoted, with great reluctance, guarded as is its language, from an apprehension of its effect upon loyal men in the Southern States. And we have a further report of his assurance, given to men from Kentucky, since Gen. FREMONT's proclamation was issued, that he should not swerve in any respect from the policy he had already announced upon that subject. This report the present letter confirms.

As we have already said, the impulse of the people has been to applaud Gen. FREMONT's action on this subject. Beyond all question it was in harmony with public sentiment throughout the Northern States. It seemed to strike a blow at the very root of the evil,—to wound in his most vital part the hydra of rebellion. If the contest had come to be openly and avowedly one between the Free States and the Slave States, and thus between Freedom and Slavery, this view of the subject would be conclusive. If we had made up our minds to discard as allies Kentucky, Missouri and Maryland, and to abandon the hope of regaining Tennessee and Virginia to our standard, we might safely adopt the policy proposed. But we must not forget that these Border Slave States are just now the debatable ground of the great rebellion,—and we cannot, without culpable and unstatesmanlike negligence, throw them out of the account in the measures by which we seek the suppression of this rebellion. True, it is possible that Gen. FREMONT's plan of action would bring about this result more effectually than that of the Government;—but of this the Government must be the judge.

New York Times, Aug 1 1864





## FREMONT AND LINCOLN.

Abe Came Near Being First Republican Vice President.

There are very few who remember that the Republican ticket in 1856 came near being Fremont and Lincoln. We quote as follows from the May installment, 1887, of *The Century*, "Life of Lincoln:"

"However picturesque Fremont for the moment loomed up as the standard bearer of the Republican party, future historical interest centers upon the second act of the Philadelphia convention. It shows us how strangely to human wisdom vibrate the delicately balanced scales of fate; or, rather how inscrutable and yet how unerring are the far-reaching processes of Divine Providence. The principal candidate having been selected without contention or delay, the convention proceeded to a nomination for vice-president. On the first informal ballot, William L. Dayton of New Jersey received 259 votes and Abraham Lincoln of Illinois 110; the remaining votes being scattered among thirteen other names. The dominating thought of the convention being the assertion of principle and not the promotion of men, there was no further protest; and though Mr. Dayton had not received a majority support, his nomination was nevertheless at once made unanimous. Those who are familiar with the eccentricities of nominating conventions when in this listless and drifting mood, know how easily an opportune speech from some eloquent delegate or a few adroitly arranged delegation caucuses might have reversed this result; and imagination may not easily see the possible changes in history which a successful campaign of the ticket in that form might have wrought. What would have been the consequences to America and humanity, had the Rebellion, even then being vaguely devised by Southern Hot-spurs, burst upon the nation in the winter of 1856, with the Nation's sword of commander-in-chief in the hand of the impulsive Fremont, and Lincoln, inheriting the patient wariness and cool blood of three generations of pioneers and Indian fighters, wielding only the powerless gavel of vice president? But the hour of destiny had not yet struck."

The authors publish the following in a foot-note:

"Mr. T. S. Van Dyke, son of one of delegates to Philadelphia, kindly writes us: 'Nothing that Mr. Lincoln has ever written is more characteristic than the following note from him to my father, just after the convention—not for publication, but merely as a private expression of his feelings, to an old acquaintance:'"

Springfield, Ill, June 27, 1856

"Hon. John Van Dyke.

"My Dear Sir:

Allow me to thank you for your kind notice of me in the Philadelphia convention.

"When you meet Judge Dayton present my respects and tell him I think him a far better man than I for the position he is in, and that I shall support both him and Colonel Fremont most cordially. Present my best respects to Mrs. V., and believe me,

Yours truly,

A. Lincoln.

J WRIGHT

1887





ness such a radical change in our social conditions, such a regulation and suppression of "the chaotic energies of animalism in man," as are indicated by our altruistic friends. A recent writer remarks that "to the reflecting mind there is nothing more extraordinary than to observe with what obtuse, dull, and commonplace impressions most men pass through this wonderful life," and, trite as is the truism, its terse presentation was never more timely. For these people have "a continuing city," and their posterity, after the 'spirit at least, will dwell at ease in their caves. Nor do alteration of environment and overturning of tradition at all involve betterment of ethical purpose and quickening of spiritual apprehension. Dr. Hale would adapt the Indian to modern conditions, yet he cannot but be aware that the policy of his friends is rapidly "improving" that unfortunate "ward of the nation" (whom God help!) off the face of the continent. I do not exactly know how the doctor regards the stolid unadaptability of the average bucolic inhabitant—take him anywhere, from Dan even unto Beersheba—to any of the elevating and artistic phases and significances of life. Yet a perfervid poet in the *Nation-alist* concludes his appeal to "turn from the cave's dark hollow" with the highly sanguine prophecy :

"And the shadow shall pass we dwell in, till under the self-same sun  
The names of the myriad nations are writ in the name of one."

The experienced wayfarer across the mundane desert is not, however, to be deluded by this recurrent and familiar mirage. Nothing in the history of the cosmogony or in ethnological testimony warrants faith in such a consummation. Transcendental realism, even, will hardly undertake to supply the "unknown quantity" that our socialistic alchemists require. For my own part, I am but little concerned by the imputation of pessimism, for, while I conceive with Browning that

"It is the glory and good of art  
That art remains the one way possible  
Of speaking truth,"

I yet think that the cave-dwellers, the majority of the people, will continue insensate to the influences of art for indefinite "generations yet unborn," and will be as placid in their congenial gloom as were their fathers before them. *Litera scripta manet.*

JOHN MORAN.

NEW YORK.

## MEMOIRS AND MEMORIES OF JOHN CHARLES FRÉMONT.

## PART I.

THERE was a time, in the memory of men yet living, when Boston was the heart of our civilization, and Ohio a border State. The inhabitants of New England looked on Ohio as a wilderness of dense forests, and its inhabitants as semi-barbarous adventurers, fighting Indians, and depending mainly on the hunt for subsistence. There was more truth than poetry in the belief. The sparse population of hardy pioneers, cleaving to the watercourses, slowly worked their way into the wilds with axe and rifle. The rude steamer of that early day, laden with human freight and fraught with peril, breasted the currents of mighty rivers, since called by Calhoun "inland seas," while beyond the Ohio and Mississippi stretched a vast territory almost as unknown to our immediate fathers as the interior of Africa is to us to-day.

That all this has changed, and in so short a period, excites wonder, and the story of it reads like a romance. The wilderness of the West has disappeared, and a score of millions of busy men now cover the land. The forests have been swept away, the swamps have been drained, while a vast farm, the home of an industrious and thriving population, stretches to the Rocky Mountains, and beyond, upon their western slopes, to the Pacific. One is never out of hearing of the shrill scream of the locomotive that, as Hawthorne said,

"Darts like a shuttle through the loom of trade."

Inland cities of extended trade and great wealth mark the centres of distribution for products, while the Northwest, in riches, intellect, and enterprise, makes an element of power, dominating the country and controlling its government.

This view of our material progress as a people fascinates the ordinary spectator, and is continually pointed to as conclusive evidence of our prosperity and the excellence of our institutions. To the more thoughtful, however, there comes at least hesitation, if not doubt, as to this. To the philosophical looker-on, the rapid occupation of the vast domain of virgin soil is to be deplored. Our so-called self-government, erected by the fathers of the Revolution, was an experiment. Humanity, through all the ages, had learned that it was possible for one man to govern another, but the fathers sought to

Belford's  
1890

establish as a fact the theory that the man could govern himself. Against the endeavor was the experience of humanity, as well as the example given us in our religion. How far the people making up the United States could succeed as a democracy, in the face of such experience and example, remained to be shown after the government had been solemnly dedicated.

Toward the success of such an undertaking the wide public domain, till then unoccupied, was a great assistance. The great obstacle in the way of the success of a republican organization is not so much the inequality of political rights as that of property. A man may have all the rights awarded him under the Constitution—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—and yet be a slave. Poor old Shylock expressed this when he said, so pathetically, to his pettifogging despots:

“Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:  
You take my house when you do take the prop  
That doth sustain my house; you take my life  
When you do take the means whereby I live.”

The old dreary system of capital and labor, so long dominant in Europe, had no existence in the sparse settlements of the States that had beyond them a region where labor could find a home and a living. While the West remained a wilderness a millionaire was a curiosity. I remember when the wealth of Astor and Girard was spoken of as something wonderful. Now, could the resources of our vast domain have been held as a safety-valve, so to speak, for two or three hundred years, the experiment of the fathers might have ripened into a fact accomplished, for it would have had a hardy, thoughtful people to respond to its demands and, in a quiet, conservative manner, correct its evils.

This would certainly have been the result, for the pioneers differed widely from the immigrants. The life of the earlier settlers of the country, before the steamboat and railroad appeared to facilitate transportation, and make comparatively easy the conquest of the wilds, was one of peril and privation. The pioneer went out armed with rifle and axe, and the one meant danger and the other toil. The brave fellow took his life in his hand, and not only this, but subjected his family to all he was himself called on to suffer.

Cooper and other dealers in fiction have thrown a glamour of romance about this pioneer life that makes it seem Arcadian. The hardy men who climbed the Alleghanies in their rude wagons, after many days of toil and exposure reached Pittsburgh. There embark-



ing on a broad-horn, as it was called then, they did not float smoothly down the unknown Ohio, but toiled all day at the long oars, and, tying up to the bank at night, took turns with each other watching through the hours of darkness for hostile Indians. That long tin-horn, which has passed into poetry which tells us,

"That strain he wound his way to cheer,  
At dewy eve and golden morn ;  
The startled Indian paused to hear,  
In echoes soft, that mellow horn,"

was not an instrument of music to the pioneer, who had not so keen an ear for melody as he had for Indians. The horn was utilized as a means of giving signals. In this way the pilot in command of the fleet gave notice to tie up for the night, and again when to start in the morning. To this the other boatmen responded with their horns, and now and then the notes would sound to give warning of danger or distress. The men following the river as pilots returned to Pittsburgh through the wilderness without permission from the Indians, who made the journey extremely dangerous, and so, braving many perils, came in time to be noted characters.

When the family or little colony arrived at its destination the real hardships began. If in a comparatively open country, malaria, caused by decaying vegetation, brought sickness in addition to hard labor ; and if in the woods, an opening had to be made by the severest toil before corn could be grown. What this task meant few now can appreciate. Looking over the broad fields of golden grain, deep green meadows, and beautiful woodland pastures, it is hard to realize the immense amount of labor required to fell and clear away the almost impenetrable forest of trees measuring from two to four feet in diameter, and that with only the axe in the hands of the settler.

It is a popular delusion which claims that this life was health-giving. Exposed to the bitter cold of winter without adequate clothing, sheltered in rudely constructed cabins, where the snow drifted in through openings between the logs, or the rains soaked through the indifferent clapboard roof, the pioneer suffered from rheumatism and kindred diseases, while under the hot summer sun every breath of air was laden with malarial fever. As a rule sickness prevailed, and the death-rate was frightful, especially among children. Only the stronger natures survived. Because here and there a pioneer lived to an extraordinary old age, we come to the erroneous conclusion that their mode of life was healthful, taking no account of the number that fell, nor of the fact that the rude doctor of that day, if one could



be had, added, through his purging, blistering, and blood-letting, to the mortality. Through all this struggle for existence the nobler elements of humanity were developed. A kindly feeling was kindled into life among neighbors, which made all ready to assist in the building of a cabin, the rolling together of logs for burning, or other work beyond the power of one man.

One must note the difference between the pioneer above described and the immigrant from Europe, to appreciate the reason why it would have been better for the Republic had this wide domain been reserved for pioneers only. This not alone because the unoccupied land would have served as a refuge for labor from the greed and tyranny of oppressive capital while the Republic was making its experiment, but the citizenship thus developed would have been of the highest and best. As our fathers braved the dangers of an unknown sea in their noble efforts to find a free soil, so their children, in climbing mountains, working their way down great rivers, and penetrating the wilderness, brought out and gave training to all the stronger qualities that go to make our national manhood.

The immigrants, on the other hand, driven hither by a scarcity of work at home, are carried to our shores in huge steamers, and are then taken up by our railroads to be distributed over the West as laborers. There is no educational or training process. They come merely to swell our population, and to give to capital the same power in the United States from which they suffered in Europe. As a consequence the public domain is gone, and the already crowded land has its millionaires on one side, and its pauper laborers on the other. The tramp has taken the place of the pioneer; and the old war of the masses against the classes is as well-defined in our new land as in the old realms of Europe.

In the old pioneer times the few legislators elected in the sparsely settled West and a portion of the South wended their way by easy stages across the Alleghanies to the national capital. Under some rather indifferent clauses of the Constitution, Congress was then feeling its way over the mountains to the wide domain beyond, and by economical expenditure had made a thin line of pike, called the national road, along which the Solons paced slowly, while discussing with much heat the power of Congress to make any such improvement. Along that same road, not only over the mountains but through the Constitution, have since travelled the enormous river and harbor appropriations by which the money accumulated through a most iniquitous system of taxation is used by members to further their political ambitions.

Along this pike rode Henry Clay, the witty and eloquent Tom Corwin, the popular idol Andrew Jackson, and other public men well known to the people of their day, and widely remembered by their children. One among these, but not of them, for he went his way through life "solitary and alone," was a man who did more to stamp his individuality upon the great Northwest than all the others combined. Thomas H. Benton, or, as he was popularly called, Tom Benton, was a leader of men, possessing great force of character. He had a body capable of enduring great labor, with a brain full of grand ideas and a sublime egotism. He believed in God from an early training by a Christian mother, and he believed in Tom Benton. A man of the highest courage, he had a head that indicated aggressiveness, an aggressiveness restrained only by his own sweet will. The high, broad forehead was marked by a prominent Roman nose, and sustained by a heavy, projecting jaw. The times in which he lived and the rivalries to be encountered made the pistol a part of every man's wear, and no one was readier in its use than the turbulent Senator from Missouri.

"Solitary and alone" this remarkable man wended his way on horseback to Washington, revolving in his mind vast projects and great measures, which, finding expression in the Senate, won for him the reputation of a visionary. He alone heard the tramp of the coming millions; he alone looked over the unknown wastes to the Pacific slope, and warned the incredulous government of the necessity of securing a foothold at the further verge of the continent. To explore the then untrodden wilds, and to secure by treaty a hold upon the Pacific coast, made the ambition of his life. To his exertions, then, and to those of his co-worker, John Charles Frémont, the popular Pathfinder, who has just passed away from among us, we are indebted for our possession of California.

On October 19th, 1841, a slender, unknown lieutenant of the army wooed and won "the fair Jessica," second daughter of Senator Benton, and, as the winning had met with opposition from the more prudent parents, stole his lady-love from the guarded household, married her first, and sought the parental forgiveness and blessing afterward. The Senator made the best of what he thought a bad bargain, first taking the youth into his employ, and soon after into his confidence, for he found that the young man had in him many of the qualities that had given the indignant parent his eminent position. He had Frémont put in command of the first expedition that came after the one of Clark and Williams, and in so doing not only made the daring Pathfinder for the millions that were so soon to

come and develop the domain he found, but opened to the youth a life of romance that makes this huge volume\* read like a novel.

The force of character of Thomas H. Benton, somewhat softened, and his intellectual qualities, much refined, were continued in his daughter, and Jessie Benton Frémont makes so much of the recorded life of John Charles that these memoirs would have been but half told if she had been omitted. The view given to the reader in the engravings of this charming book fails to do justice to Mrs. Frémont. Her living head is strikingly lovely. Her face, unmarked by time, but strong in sense and sensibility, is framed by an abundance of snow-white hair that has all the effect of the powder used by the old masters to soften the expression, and one looks only to be impressed, as by some pictured dame of a past age, into a feeling that the face has its history of marked events and winning influences. The tender graces of womanly affection that soften the intellectual expression make a combination of rare excellence in this lovely countenance.

Jessie and John Charles Frémont took up life where Senator Benton laid it down, and the children resolved into reality what had been the dream of the father. To penetrate the vast stretch of wilderness, and open the West to the tread of civilization, was the task they imposed upon themselves. Frémont was to be the Pathfinder, and no man better fitted for the work could have been found. Of Huguenot blood, grafted upon English stock, he had the staying powers of the latter, and the dash, enterprise, and genius of the former. Beginning life with no other advantages than those belonging to a healthy, gifted brain, and great force of character, he graduated into a leader of men in the direction of great enterprises.

How the Pathfinder worked and what he accomplished toward the conquest of half a continent General Frémont tells in this, the first volume of his memoirs. It has all the fascination of fiction from the pen of genius. The strange characters and great perils of the wild life crowd the pages, and hold the attention entranced to the end. Style is thought, and the charm of the work is not only in what the author has to tell, but in his way of telling it. Clear, simple, and incisive, the story is told in the most admirable manner, without any appearance of effort at fine writing. Ninety-nine out of a hundred will read as a child reads Robinson Crusoe, without being conscious of the charm that holds one.

The closing pages of the first volume of these memoirs are given to the conquest of California. Frémont was in Oregon prosecuting

\* *Memoirs of My Life*, fully illustrated, by John Charles Frémont. Belford-Clarke Co., publishers, Chicago.



his civil explorations when the war between the United States and Mexico began. He received information of the opening of hostilities from the Rio Grande, where the fighting began, before it reached him from Washington. He tells of the rapidity with which messages were carried by runners of Indian blood, through Mexican provinces, and how, learning the fact of the armed conflict, he immediately made his way to the Mexican dominions.

It was well for our government that he did move in that direction. Frémont had in himself developed by training all the elements of a leader, and he possessed the disposition to assume risks and responsibilities which distinguished him through life. Taught by Benton, and by his own thoughtful observation, the importance of the Pacific coast to our country, he returned to California with but one intent, and that was to seize and hold this outlying Mexican province. It was a bold determination for a man commanding a mere handful of hunters and trappers, in advance of any declaration of war. But with him to determine was to act promptly and decisively.

California was sparsely settled at the time, and entirely devoted to the agricultural and grazing pursuits peculiar to the Mexicans. A few families possessed the rich, deep soil, under a climate more genial than any other on our continent. Each family held a wide domain, and exercised over it all the sway of a landlord, and all were indolent and at the same time simple and hospitable. The region so far from the central government rejoiced in a quasi independence. The inhabitants made, through custom, their own laws, and the tribute they paid to the government at Mexico by taxation was small and uncertain. They had no distributing centres, and needed none, for their wants were limited almost to what they produced. Trade outside of home there was little or none, so they built no cities and improved no harbors. The Mexicans of Spanish blood were the masters, and the Indians and mixed breeds the subjects. Into the midst of this population a few Anglo-Saxons and Celts had forced themselves, and upon these Frémont relied to recruit his little force and perfect his conquest.

His appearance at San Francisco was signalled by the hoisting of our flag over forts and custom house, under the very guns of an English man-of-war lying in the harbor, and in the astonished face of Commodore John D. Sloat, who with three ships of our navy floated by the side of the Englishman. When Frémont reported to our commodore, the wondering naval gentleman asked him for his authority, and when Frémont informed him that he had none other than might be found in his being in the government service, and a citi-

zen of the United States, the over-cautious commodore refused him coöperation. The Secretary of the Navy subsequently censured Sloat severely for his conduct ; but all the mischief that followed in needless hostilities that made a bad impression on the people of California came of this refusal.

The "Regulars," as the army and navy came to be called after a time, very nearly proved fatal to Frémont's bold move. After Sloat had sailed away General Phil. Kearney appeared upon the scene. Kearney's first act was to turn back the famous Kit Carson, who had been started to Washington as bearer of despatches announcing to our Government the conquest of California, and asking for aid to make secure the armed possession. His next move was to plunge into an unequal fight, in which he was not only whipped, but cooped up on a barren knob, where he would have been starved into a surrender but for the almost superhuman efforts of Frémont and his little army.

That Kearney, long after, should have sought to deprive Frémont of the credit his wise and gallant conduct won for him only goes to prove how much our virtue is dependent on our environment. Amid the surroundings of civilized life truth is far more solid and stanch than on the far distant border where it depends for support on the eye of God and a man's inner conscience. Kearney lived, or rather died, ashamed of his false assertions, when upon the floor of the Senate his fraudulent claims were denounced by Senator Benton, and the truth of history was vindicated by that then august body of Solons. The only tinge of bitterness that marks this volume appears in Frémont's treatment of Kearney, and we can well pardon it when we remember the audacious assumption of the dead soldier that was based on the coolest lying.

The generous sense of justice, and the strange fairness of General Frémont, in treating of past events shows in the picture he presents of California at the time he flung out our flag over its quiet and happy borders. He saw the patriarchal homes of the rural potentates, the old missions, where for generations pious men of the Church aided in the conquest of a land from barbarism by teaching and training its children in the ways of peace. He dwells with loving sorrow upon the failure of Father MacNamara to colonize the land with Irish Catholics, or he writes by the lurid glare of the violence, crime, and blood that, stimulated by the greed for gold, swarmed into life under the flag he was the first to unfold over that Arcadia of Nature's and the Church's creation.

DONN PIATT.

MAC-O-CHEE, O.



## THE TRUTH ABOUT BARBARA FRITCHIE.

WHITTIER's poem of Barbara Fritchie popularized an episode of the war that is likely to become a legend, whether it is historically true or whether it was an invention of some imaginative war correspondent, just as the story of George Washington and his little hatchet, and the story of John Brown kissing a black infant on his way to the scaffold, will continue to be believed whether they were facts or fiction.

A correspondent asks us whether it was a true incident on which Whittier founded his famous ballad. General Bradley T. Johnson, of the Confederate Army, furnishes us with the Southern view. Whittier, of course, gives the best statement of the Northern version. Gen. Johnson writes:

"The march of the army of Northern Virginia [Lee's army] through the streets of Frederick [on the invasion of Maryland in September, 1862] was the occasion of a scandalous invention in derogation of its honor which has gone to the world as the ballad of Barbara Fritchie. The point and the pathos of this creation of the imagination is in the description of a scene in which an aged and decrepit woman, fired by patriotism and nerved by a courage in which the men were lacking, planted the flag of the United States defiantly in the face of the Confederate column as it swept through Frederick; that, by order of Stonewall Jackson, a volley was fired at her and the flag, and then, seized by sudden remorse, the ideal Confederate hero passed on with heart wrung by grief and head bowed by shame for the unnatural crime of which he had been guilty. It transmits in smooth and melodious verse the explicit statement that one of the chief historical characters of the Confederacy—he whom the love of his contemporaries and the veneration of the good in the whole world have singled out and apotheosized as the hero, the genius, the martyr of the cause of honor, chivalry, and patriotism—that Stonewall Jackson ordered Confederate soldiers to fire on an old woman feebly flaunting a flag out of a garret window, and then, overwhelmed with remorse and grief, hung his head and fled from the scene of his shame. The function of the singer has at all times been akin to that of the prophet. While the latter gave expression to the will and purposes of the gods, the former moulded into words the hopes, the memories, and the aspirations of races, of people, and of nations. The real poet is under obligations to both, for truth lives and stirs the heart, and

perpetuates heroic deeds and the desire to do them. Therefore there is no excuse for this slander and libel on the Confederate cause, the Confederate soldier, and the Confederate hero. Not only is every allegation in the fable of Barbara Fritchie false, but there never existed foundation for it.

"I was born in Frederick, and lived there until May, 1861, when I joined the Confederate Army. I had known Barbara Fritchie all my life. At that time she was eighty-four years old, and had been bed-ridden for some time. She never saw a Confederate soldier, and probably no one of any kind. Her house was at the corner of Patrick Street and Town Creek Bridge. The troops marched by there during a portion of the tenth of September. On that morning Gen. Jackson and his staff rode into the town and paid a visit to Mrs. Ross, the daughter of Governor McDowell, of Lexington, Virginia, where Jackson lived, and whom he knew well. After the visit to Mrs. Ross at the parsonage, which was next to the Presbyterian Church, and not on the same street, nor near Mrs. Fritchie's house, he rode at the head of his staff by the Court House, down through the Mill Alley some distance beyond the Fritchie house. He never passed it, and in all probability never saw it."

Historically true or not, Whittier's ballad will live for centuries as one of the most thrilling legends of America. To complete the record we subjoin it :

Up from the meadows rich with corn,  
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand  
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,  
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord,  
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall  
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall,

Over the mountains winding down,  
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,  
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind ; the sun  
Of noon looked down and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Fritchie then,  
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right  
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!" the dust-brown ranks stood fast.  
"Fire!" out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;  
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff  
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf,

She leaned far out on the window-sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,  
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred  
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head  
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street  
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost  
Over the head of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light  
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Fritchie's work is o'er,  
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Fritchie's grave  
Flag of Freedom and Union wave !  
  
Peace and order and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and law ;  
  
And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below in Frederick town !

ROBERT SMITH.

NEW YORK.

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*WOMAN FROM HER OWN STANDPOINT.*

HAVING read the article of Clarence S. Darrow, in the July number of BELFORD'S MAGAZINE, and differing somewhat from the views he expresses, I should like to present my own on the subject ; and no one, I think, can be better qualified to speak of woman and her work and her sphere than one who has considered that question with reference to herself.

While grateful for his efforts in our behalf, I do not agree with the gentleman, that woman is in such a desperate and desolate condition of life, nor that brute force still rules the world. We are each the centre of our own universe, and I can write best of things as they appear from my own point of view ; so, as I am entirely unknown to you, I can speak of myself and my work without egotism.

In the first place, I am one who could never conquer the world by brute force, being barely five feet high, and weighing less than one hundred pounds ; I am twenty-five years of age, but, being slight and delicate, look considerably younger. I have had no unusual advantages of education, for, being in delicate health, and on account of my mother's early death, I never attended school after the age of twelve ; yet I am better able to maintain myself, and lend a helping hand to others, than very many men who consider themselves in comfortable circumstances. For ten months in the year three hundred dollars a month is a very moderate estimate to place upon my receipts for the work of my hand and brain, and the business in which I am engaged is entirely self-taught, and the system I use is of my own invention. I am personally acquainted with but one other woman who has succeeded as well as myself, but I am acquainted with a number of women who are earning from fifty to seventy-five dollars per month.

My business is such that it throws me among men of a high intellectual order, and I have never met with anything less than the



utmost courtesy and deference from them. I receive exactly the same fees for my services that a gentleman in the same position would receive for his. I am under the authority of no one but myself, and I have all the business, and often more than, I care to undertake. I have found in my career that, if a woman proves herself competent in the capacity she fills, and remains a womanly woman, every gentleman with whom she comes in contact is ready to extend to her a helping hand, and to throw business in her way.

When I commenced my business life I decided that I would stand upon my merits, and expect no favors because I was a woman ; I wanted my business relations to be governed by strict business principles, and I have adhered to that rule. It was necessary at the beginning for me to give bond, and though I have friends who would willingly have been surety for me, the lawyer whom I consulted (though it was the first time he had ever seen me) offered to go on my bond himself, and did so. I mention this as an example of the kindness with which I have universally been treated by our brother man. I do not feel crushed under the iron heel of destiny, am ready to keep right on making the best of things, and I am succeeding even better than either of my older brothers.

Now, as to a married life. Notwithstanding the fact that my business is both remunerative and congenial to me, if I could be prevailed upon to marry I should undoubtedly give up a business life. If the man of my choice were obliged to labor for a dollar a day, I should feel that it was his duty to earn the living for us both, and mine to aid him in a domestic way, and confine my wants within his income. The very laws of nature, and of a woman's physique, are sufficient to indicate that when married she should devote herself exclusively to domestic duty, and unless her husband should become physically disabled, she should not carry on any outside business, no matter how well she might be adapted for it ; but in the event that he should become so disabled, then a true wife would never leave him nor forsake him.

So far from considering it ignoble to attend to the home life and to raise children, I believe it to be the highest and holiest duty of a woman's life, and in devoting herself to posterity, she is doing a grander work than man is able to do. I should pity too much to scorn a woman so misguided as to neglect these duties for what she might consider a broader sphere—that of mere money-making. I say this with the consciousness that it is a work I may never undertake, for I would not change my present mode of life without a very great and sufficient reason, and I fully realize that a woman must love



"Your father told me to take this road, Tessa," said the young sheriff.

"Yes, I know that, and I heard one of the men tell him to-day that the bar was swept out."

There was a long silence between them.

"Tessa, go with me to San Luis," said Warren, "and let us be married."

And Tessa went.

Old Stoner heard the news a few days later. Within an hour he had "retired from business." The camp was broken up, the hunters disappeared, mysterious lights flashed at intervals all night from the points of the cliff, and the next day old Stoner himself disappeared, leaving his family, the ranch, and the live-stock. It was said that he made the best of his way to Mexico, and finally to South America. The world is large as yet, and men who have money can ramble over a good deal of it without finding a past they wish to escape from. But Tessa lives in her San Luis, Obispo, cottage, with orange-trees over it, and La Marque roses on the porch, and she thinks herself the happiest woman in California.

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

NILES, CAL.

## MEMOIRS AND MEMORIES OF JOHN CHARLES FRÉMONT.\*

### PART II. (*Conclusion*).

THE first volume of Frémont's memoirs ends with the conquest of California. He died while preparing the second for the press. That such should be a fact is a national calamity.† Through it we have lost the light upon grave political and military events that the experience and intelligence of a remarkable actor could have given us. When the first convention of the newly-formed Free-soil party met to nominate a candidate for the presidency, John Charles Frémont was unanimously chosen. When the Civil War broke upon us, the same popular impulse selected the Pathfinder as the leader of our armies. He was defeated in the presidential race by the cold, conservative element that made up the old Whig party. The same malign influ

\* *Memoirs of My Life*, fully illustrated, by John Charles Frémont. Vol. I. Belford-Clarke Company, publishers, Chicago.

† We believe the General has left his papers in such shape as to enable Mrs. Frémont to complete the memoirs.—ED.

ence denied him an opening in the war. Simon Cameron, first Secretary of War under Lincoln, had no use for a man who would have all the renown he might win in the war as an indorsement for the presidency when that war should end. President Lincoln took about the same view of the situation. Then again, West Point, given immediate control of all military affairs, instinctively hated one who rose to eminence as a captain outside their little school on the Hudson, where everything is taught except patriotism and the art of war.

In response to the popular cry, however, Frémont was given a high command in the army, with headquarters at St. Louis. He claimed, late in life, that the harsh criticism awarded him for not hurrying at once to his post was unjust; that he was delayed by not receiving instructions. The president could not comprehend what instructions were necessary to a general given a commission and a department. The fact is that Frémont remained at New York, expecting to be called to Washington, not for instructions, but to be consulted by the administration as to the political situation. Believing that the first thing to be done was a proclamation freeing all the slaves, it turned out that he was counting on a president who believed that to be the last thing—if it were done at all. So far as the military side was concerned, we had drifted into the war, and the drift continued until the war ended. Every general, every war governor, had a scheme of his own that was not only senseless in itself, but generally in antagonism to every other. There was but one man whose large, healthy brain took in the situation and saw the one objective point, which, if secured, would shorten if not end the war, and that was General George H. Thomas. Frémont, however, had some original ideas, and one, especially, which he put in execution in spite of West Point and the War Department, and which gave us Forts Henry and Donelson, and Nashville, and unfortunately gave us also U. S. Grant as President of the United States.

John Charles Frémont was not the sort of man for Abraham Lincoln to accept as an adviser. The rail-splitter of Illinois was nominated by chance, and elected from necessity. Having selected his cabinet, his first task was to conquer its members; that is, to teach Everard, Chase, and Cameron that he was president. Lincoln was a minority president, and not popular with his own party. That party, made up mainly of old Whigs, an organization that claimed all the intelligence and decency of the country, looked down in distrust and with no little disgust on the long, lanky, vulgar humorist. Their only hope was in the Cabinet, and in the belief that the Cabinet would control the unpleasant president. Lincoln was in the midst of this sort of con-

test when General Frémont appeared upon the scene. The qualities that made him eminent were not of a sort to conciliate the president. Once, with a merry twinkle in his cavernous eyes, he said: "John Charles knows too much." It was not, however, the excess of information so much as the high valuation placed on it by the possessor that made him objectionable.

General Frémont at last repaired to St. Louis and organized a headquarters and staff on a scale of extravagant display that discounted those of McClellan. Great campaigns were planned that were never executed. Fortifications were begun that if completed would have called for fifty thousand men to man effectively. All the time the little General was being called on to march out and fight, and all the time the General was demanding equipments for troops that were never equipped.

This neglect of our army came much from inability—the army of the Potomac consuming the supplies—and more from distrust. The West Pointers were not slow to learn the state of feeling at Washington, and hastened to add fuel to the flame. Criticisms, in writing, which Frémont never saw until they appeared in Hayes's "Life of Lincoln," were forwarded to Washington and had their effect. At last Frémont himself made a move that forced the president to relieve him. That move came in the form of an order freeing the slaves of Missouri. That was a political usurpation on the part of the little Pathfinder which Lincoln could not tolerate, and so the popular leader was relegated to the rear. It was a dignified retirement, being the command of the Mountain Department, a poetical name for a mountain retreat.

It was at St. Louis that General Frémont conceived the happy idea of ironclads with which to penetrate the South on its navigable streams. It is well for us to-day that this able man did not wait for authority from Washington to do this work. The project was ridiculed and opposed by both army and navy. In the face of this Frémont made contracts with Eads and others, and before the administration could arrest the work, the boats were completed, manned, and under orders. The result was the fall of Paducah, Forts Henry and Donelson, and the capture of Nashville, to say nothing of what was done upon the Mississippi long subsequent. Up to that time armored vessels had been an experiment. Frémont and Ericsson put the theory to a practical trial.

It seems to be a law of our being to not only shrink from but make war upon change. We find it better to bear the ills we have than, in attempted betterment, run the risk of ills we know not of.



The man suspected of looking forward instead of backward is doomed. Such a man is visionary and not to be trusted. The practical men condemn such with lofty scorn. The practical man, for instance, who does all his business through a telegraph, invented by a visionary, now known as a crank ; who converses through a telephone with a customer a hundred miles away, that came of a crank's brain ; who has his produce caught up by a locomotive and whirled on to market at the rate of thirty miles an hour, that a crank forced on us ; who goes to church once in seven days to seek his soul's salvation through the Blessed Saviour, who was done cruelly to death on a charge of being an impious reformer ;—this same practical man can find no words expressive enough to condemn and put down the reformer who would add to the blessings already enjoyed.

John Charles Frémont, with all his strong hold on the hearts of the masses, was sneered at both by the politicians and by the full-breasted warriors so suddenly called from obscurity to command. His proposed ironclads were laughed at. The military men, made up of cotton, brass buttons, and commissions, assured us that no such craft could hope to pass fortifications on rivers, where they would be exposed to a heavy fire at short range ; and the press took up the sneer, asserting that a plunging fire from high banks would sink the ironclads as rapidly as they came within range. The one was as ignorant of the subject as the other. There is not and cannot be such a thing as a plunging artillery fire ; while the gunboats not only went past the forts, but in many instances made the forts untenable. This is what happened at Fort Henry.

We are gradually coming to comprehend the facts and their true significance, as we study the real history of a war, strangely clouded by partisan prejudice. The success of the Republican party after the war turned in a great measure upon the recognition of General Grant as the one great general on the Union side. The Democratic party had selected McClellan as its hero, and between the two all history was obscured or so strangely distorted that one fails to find either facts or the reasons for them.

The capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, followed by the fall of Nashville, set the people at the North wild with excitement, for they were victories in our hour of defeat, when it appeared as if the Southern boasts of superiority in arms were being demonstrated. We were not given the facts clearly enough to adjust the fame due to the real author of the success. This belonged exclusively to Frémont. He conceived the project, and not only made that project practical, but planned the campaign that ended so brilliantly. His much-



despised, abused, and never-paid-for gunboats, under Commodore Foote, shelled the Confederates into a surrender of Fort Henry, because the works were on such low ground that the ironclads had them at their mercy. Grant and his troops had little part in the performance but that of accepting the surrender, with cool audacity, as his act.

While the affair of Fort Henry is painfully obscured, that of Donelson is grotesquely distorted. Foote's gunboats were not so effective as at the first-named place, because of the fort's elevation. The fire opened from the river, and the assaults made by the army, were disastrous failures. Grant had moved direct on Donelson in light marching order, while the fleet sailed around, in expectation of taking the place by surprise. The Confederates were not at all surprised, and could have remained there probably for two years longer, had General Floyd, then in command, so determined. General Grant was gravely embarrassed. He had hurried forward his forces without the necessary equipage for winter, and the weather suddenly turned intensely cold. To fight without food was bad enough, but to sleep without tents, with the mercury near zero, was out of the question. So General Grant issued an order to Commodore Foote to make another demonstration, under which he could retreat. The night preceding the day on which it was purposed to again bombard the fort from the ironclads, General Grant, having given orders to his three Generals, Smith, McClelland, and Wallace, to make no move until directed by himself, disappeared from his headquarters.

General Floyd was not of course acquainted with General Grant's purposed retreat, and knowing that the line of Confederate defence was broken by the fall of Fort Henry, so that he could expect a force of the enemy in his rear at any time, determined to make a sortie in hopes of cutting his way out. It is also claimed that this effort was stimulated by the fear that if captured he would be incontinently executed as a traitor, for his conduct in President Buchanan's cabinet. But, as the military view of the situation is enough to account for his conduct, it is not necessary to go further for so base a one. At daylight, therefore, he marched out, leaving Buckner and a light force to hold the fort, and cover his rear. The brunt of the attack fell upon the forces under McClelland. As these were inferior in numbers, McClelland, although fighting fiercely, was forced to fall back. Now, had Generals Smith and Wallace swung in upon Floyd's thin line under Buckner at any time before noon, the entire force under Floyd, as well as the fort, would have been captured. But these officers were obeying positive orders. They hurried aides

and orderlies, as did McClelland, to Grant's headquarters, only to get in reply that the General was not there, nor did anyone know where he was.

At last General Smith violated orders and moved into the fight. He swept aside the thin line, and soon found himself possessed of the key to the situation. To a flag of truce from General Buckner, asking upon what terms he might surrender, General Smith responded, "Unconditional surrender; if not complied with I will immediately move on your works."

These memorable words, which subsequently elected "Unconditional-surrender" Grant president, were approved of by the man who adopted them as his own, and "who would have disappeared from history," as General Sherman truthfully said, "had their gallant and able author lived to claim them and his proper place in the armies of our country."

And where was General Grant all this time? On a gunboat in earnest consultation with Commodore Foote and a whiskey bottle. From near midnight until next day about 5 P.M. he sat in the cabin of an ironclad, that echoed and shook to the roar of the conflict then going on.

What a melancholy farce it all is, when we come to know and analyze the events that made heroes out of the veriest imbeciles a country was ever cursed with. Called from the profoundest obscurity when the war broke upon us, these full-stomached generals blundered along the stage, shaming us before the world with their frightful disasters, and filling the households of the land with mourning for their crippled and dead. If from our national cemeteries and private graves could be gathered the bones of the brave men needlessly slaughtered, a monument could be built of them tall enough to out-top that to Robert E. Lee at Richmond.

Frémont was a man of ideas. He came next to General George H. Thomas in comprehending the situation. When the silent, solitary, thoughtful Virginian was ordered to report to General Anderson at Bowling Green, Ky., he sought an interview with President Lincoln, and tracing along the map a line from Bowling Green, through Cumberland Gap to Chattanooga, said: "Let me organize a force of twenty thousand men, and I will march along that line, and capture that place. Its possession in our hands will force the Confederates out of Virginia, and confine the war to the 'Cotton States.'"

How true this was after-events demonstrated. The president committed the fatal blunder of accepting the plan and ignoring its

author. Over three years later we accomplished what Thomas projected, and the Confederate Government fell. As the venerable and now venerated Jefferson Davis wrote the year before his death, "Chattanooga was the key to the situation, and our only comfort after its fall was to see that the Federal Government did not know what to do with it." Blunders made the rule of action, and brain became a disqualification for command.

To Frémont not only belongs the credit of piercing the heart of the South in its water-ways with ironclads, which eventually cleared the Mississippi, but he was the originator of that line to Richmond on which Grant promised "to fight it out, if it took all summer." The unwritten history of this plan of campaign is curious.

It was while falling back, down the Shenandoah Valley, after the pursuit of Stonewall Jackson, which was rendered futile by General McDowell's refusal to co-operate with Frémont, that a talk occurred at our General's headquarters between Frémont, Carl Schurz, and Robert E. Schenck. Frémont was commenting on and criticising McClellan's advance on Richmond. He claimed it to be a military blunder; that our objective point was not Richmond, but Lee's army; that if Lee were driven out of Richmond, he would be driven back on his resources, and that the proper line was on the interior, where victory meant annihilation of the Confederate forces, for they would be cut off from their resources, and driven into the sea. Taking a map he traced the line that should be followed by our army to accomplish that purpose.

Some days later I found myself at Washington, bearer of important dispatches from General Frémont to Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War. My business being accomplished Mr. Stanton honored me with an invitation to tea at his house. During this repast he asked me how I was "getting on under that little mountebank of the Mountain Department." The great war secretary's short lip had a way of curling up from his white teeth in a sneer that was an insult, and hurt and humiliated without a word to direct its meaning. I resented this, and said that Frémont had more military ability in his little finger than McClellan had in his entire body.

"That may be," and the gleam of the white teeth became more intense, "and not say much either. But what has the husband of Jessie done to impress you with his ability?"

I gave him Frémont's idea of an objective point, and how to reach it. This seemed at the time to have little influence on the war secretary. He went off discussing McClellan, and made one remark I remember vividly:



"This fellow with his gang is as busy as the devil impressing upon the men he is murdering to no purpose, that the abolitionists at Washington, as he calls us, have abandoned them to death in the swamps of the Chickahominy. We are to-day in more peril from the army of the Potomac than the rebels at Richmond."

This speech comes back with renewed force from the fact of its confirmation in "McClellan's Own Story."

The next day I was taking my leave of Mr. Stanton at the War Department, when he said, in his brusque way :

"What was that rot you were giving me last night about an advance on Richmond? Here, show it to me." And he pulled down a map of Virginia suspended from the wall in the office.

As near as I could I traced the line suggested by Frémont.

"It has common-sense to back it," was the secretary's comment.

And from that out, not only the secretary, but the president clung to what was in fact Frémont's plan of campaign. Had Pope been more fortunate he would have been called upon to put it in practice. It was given to Burnside, to be wrecked dismally at Fredericksburg. Hooker tried it on, and failed in the beginning. It was given Grant, and from the horrible slaughter of the Wilderness, when he was studying the art of war begun at Shiloh, as Hay and Nicolay tell us in their "Life of Lincoln," he announced that he would "fight it out on that line, if it took all summer." He, too, failed more dismally than anyone, and soon swung over to the line followed by McClellan.

In justice to these noble heroes of defeat, we have to admit that while the objective point given by Frémont was just, his approach to it was defective. Had Secretary Stanton ever studied the works of a man he was fond of praising at second-hand, Thomas Jefferson, he would have found, in his "Notes on Virginia," that an approach to Richmond from Washington, by the interior, was rendered extremely difficult by the topography of the country. The rivers of the State, flowing from the west to the east, and emptying into the Potomac and Chesapeake Bay, while affording easy approaches by water to the interior of Virginia, present to an army marching as Frémont indicated a series of obstacles, in which the banks of each river are natural fortifications for the defence.

The flank movement which would have been fatal to the Confederate army in Virginia, and so proved in the end, was that indicated by George H. Thomas in the spring of 1861. To have taken and held Chattanooga would have been to occupy Richmond and all Virginia without resistance. Even the dull-witted "Napoleon" McClellan had an inkling of this, for in his "Own Story" we read, page



102, under the head of "Memorandum," written and submitted to President Lincoln, August 2, 1861, as follows :

"As soon as it becomes perfectly clear that Kentucky is cordially united with us I would advise a movement through that State into East Tennessee, for the purpose of assisting the Union men of that region, and of seizing the railroads leading from Memphis to the East. The possession of these roads by us, in connection with the movement on the Mississippi, *would go far toward determining the evacuation of Virginia by the rebels.*

The italics are not McClellan's.

How we drifted in that war, without a head, suffering shameful disasters and bloody defeats from first to last, will make a history that would be humiliating but for the recorded heroism of a great people, and the patient endurance and high courage of the men under muskets, who really won the victory for us in the end, in spite of the imbecility that made every Union campaign a high-way of human bones, sacrificed to teach stupidity the art of war.

"We have no generals," cried Stanton, "but we have men, and I will crowd them on until this infamous rebellion is stamped out. We can give three soldiers to their one, and win."

It was a war of attrition, and a dark, dreary track of desolations, nakedness.

Brain was not only at a discount, and made subservient to what we are pleased to call military education, but men of ideas, such as Frémont, were sneered at and set aside. It is a singular fact that the really successful men, such as Thomas, Rosencrans, and Buell, are neglected, while men who never planned a sensible campaign, or even a victory, are being lauded as great generals, and ornaments to our poor country. Small wonder that pilgrims from beyond our borders pass by our monuments, to hang immortelles upon the tomb of Lee. What are we to expect when we neglect our own true heroes for those whose records will not bear impartial scrutiny.

Frémont, when young, impressed his associates as one possessed of a destiny, and when old, as a man who had lived eminently through great events. And yet he was small of stature and rather retiring in manner and reticent of speech. He was mainly of French extraction and Huguenot blood. He retained, of the last, the indomitable will and force of character that made a class into a race of remarkable men, without any of the religious bigotry in him that made martyrdom a disagreeable necessity. It is to be regretted that he had not more religious feeling to steady his character and purify his life. In all financial affairs he was as indifferent as a child ; in-

deed, he has been charged more than once with criminal neglect by those unacquainted with the man's true character and mental strain.

He was thoroughly aware of his own weakness in this respect ; but lacked the power to correct what had become a fixed habit—a habit as clearly defined and as physiological in its hold upon him as alcohol or opium upon its victims. Up to the period of the Civil War he was one of the rich men of the country. Money to him was a medium whose exact value he had never considered and had never been forced to consider. It was like the water in the sieve of the careless Vestal. It ran between his fingers, was gone, he knew not and cared very little where. It was but a subtraction from infinity, and infinity remained. The idea of finality in his bank account never entered his head. When the shrinkage came it was simply incomprehensible to him. He could not and did not grasp the idea. The habit of spending had become as much a part of his nature as eating. Habit was a part of his mental and physical entity. Not long before his death, in the course of a conversation, he spoke very frankly of this subject. "I never knew the value of money," he said, "and I do not now. Nearly all my life I have had unlimited command of money. It was not necessary that I should consider or hesitate. Arithmetic was not kindred to finance in my experience. From this grew a real habit—a habit of spending money on impulse, without reference to credit or debit. It was a bad habit, I admit ; but one that was the product of a lifetime. It has grown so strong, so inveterate, that I have not the will to resist or correct it. I am too old. Had I been taught in my youth that a dollar represents a stated amount of mental or muscular exertion, that money is the equivalent of a factor of human endeavor, ambition, pain, or effort, it would have been different, and I should have been other than I am in many respects." Consider any human being under similar conditions, especially one by nature careless, generous to a fault, utterly ignorant of the commercial articles of faith, more willing to do a favor than to receive one ; an epicurean, to whom the morrow had no existence, a man to whom habit was the law and the prophets ; a kind, liberal, broad nature, whose chief fault was concentration of his mental and moral forces upon the moment, and that was Frémont.

We are a commercial people, and can forgive a man any and all offences against social order, provided he meets promptly his moneyed engagements. John C. Frémont was the most generous man with his own and other people's money I ever met. He would borrow at all hours large sums, and incontinently forget both loan and friend.

The writer of this became deeply attached to General Frémont

while serving under him in the Mountain Department. Once only the friendly relation suffered a strain. In our return from the pursuit of Stonewall Jackson I was sent back to fetch up the artillery, then much in the rear. I found it in a terrible condition. The wretched horses, worn to skin and bone, could scarcely drag their loads, and in bad places we had to put three or four teams to one gun or caisson. While thus engaged, with animals falling from sheer exhaustion, a splendidly equipped train came thundering along. The horses were not only fresh, but large, handsome animals. I called a halt, and found that the wagons were General Frémont's headquarters' train. To the consternation of the wagonmaster I seized the animals, and, transferring them to the artillery, left the exhausted hacks to get in the headquarters' baggage. With this aid we soon got up with the army. The next day I was summoned to appear before the little commander.

"Captain," he asked, sternly, "by what right did you interfere with my headquarters' train?"

"By what I supposed, General, would have been your order had you known the circumstances. I had to choose between your train and the artillery. I selected as I believed, and yet believe, you would have sanctioned."

The General bit his lip. He was in a rage, but, after a second, said :

"For your insubordination, sir, you deserve cashiering. For your care of the artillery you deserve promotion. We will let the one balance the other. I will add, from my knowledge of you, that I know you were more pleased at the opportunity given you to gratify your well-known insubordination than to the chance afforded to do extra duty. Don't try it again."

I did not have an opportunity ; but, while lecturing me, he was of all the officers in command the most insubordinate. He made brigadier-generals and colonels at his own sweet will, and so organized his forces without regard to the regulations or the War Department.

Frémont was a man of not only high moral courage, but physical as well. I had a realizing sense of this at the battle of Cross Keys. This affair was fought by three brigades on our side, under Schenck, Milroy, and Bohlan. Blenker's division, which made the bulk of our army, fell out and went to coffee-boiling or plundering as soon as the battle began. It was about 3 p.m. when a strange cessation of firing occurred. We labored under the delusion that the Confederates were in full retreat. Having been reported home from Bull Run as among the killed, I rode out to a knoll, on which General Frémont



and staff had gone to get a nearer view of the field and make out, if possible, the movements of the foe. Dismounting, I gave my horse to an orderly, and, approaching General Frémont, asked permission to telegraph home. He told me to write my message and he would give me his signature. I took out my field-book, but had not written a word before all along the line the enemy opened an artillery fire, with, it seemed, a dozen guns trained on our knoll. One round shot killed a horse under an orderly in our rear; another plunged in the earth before us not two rods away. The numerous staff took no order in their going, and I was about following the sensible example, when I looked up and saw the General yet before me, waiting for that telegram. Of course we all know that a man has to die upon some proposition, and one is about as acceptable as another. But the deadly hiss of a round shot or the shrill scream of a shell makes death by artillery extremely unpleasant, to say the best of it. I saw, however, that my general was expecting me to do some writing then and there, and I did it. I cannot claim that my chirography under fire would serve for a common-school copy-book. Indeed, looking at it now, it resembles a cross between an inscription on an obelisk and that on a tea-chest, and would puzzle the profoundest scientist to decipher. I went through the necessary motion, and Frémont, taking the book, wrote "approved," with his name added. Then saying, "They seem to have our range, Captain," he quietly walked to the hollow where his horses stood in waiting.

It may be that there is an equality among men, as to ability, that escapes the common eye. I believe it was Bulwer who called our attention to the fact that while the moonlight illumines equally all the surface of lake or bay, to each looker-on is given one bright path, while all the rest seems lost in obscurity. The illumined path given to Frémont is extremely fascinating in its roseate tinge of romance. From the Pathfinder among the Rockies to the Pathfinder among political ways; from the conquest of California to the fierce little fight of Cross Keys, he is the same picturesque figure, appealing to the imagination from the hard and sad realities of life. In this he stands apart and alone. He has the poetry of an eminent career, and his adventures are tinted with the glow of fancy, so dear to the hearts of the masses. While to his dull, matter-of-fact cotemporaries, and their yet more stupid historians, he appears a misfit, to the multitude he will ever be a hero. President Lincoln, who had little imagination and less culture, but a profound knowledge of common human nature, laughed at Frémont; while the fierce War Secretary shouldered him brutally from command. Yet this



same man gave us California, crystallized the Republican party, as its first candidate for the Presidency, gave Grant, the inebriate, his first command, and his way to the head of our armies and the Presidency of the United States, through Forts Henry and Donelson ; and, last but not least, gave this same President Lincoln and his War Secretary a line of campaign that killed and crippled more men, between the Rapidan and Richmond, than Lee had in command. The grass is not yet green above the humble grave of Frémont, but those who knew and loved him can prophecy that his name will be woven into story and breathed into song, when the bravest monuments built to incompetent men shall have crumbled into dust, thus relieving humanity of any temptation to remember the unpleasant.

DONN PIATT.

MAC-O-CHEE, OHIO.

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ÆSTHETICS AND EATING.

THAT Hunger and Thirst should have been brought under control, even in the most moderate degree, or confined, however loosely, within the limits prescribed by decency and order, is a triumph of civilization which we are perhaps inclined to overlook, and a victory of mind over matter of which æstheticism may indeed be proud. To primitive man hunger and thirst were emotions of a high order ; their gratification a matter of no small moment : when he was hungry he ate ; when he was thirsty he drank. The *mauvais quart d'heure* was unknown to him, for if fire would not burn, nor water boil, he could eat his food raw, or at least amuse himself by extracting the marrow from any bones that might be at hand—remains of the last engrossing meal. Had his spouse, however (with that instinct for gentility inherent in her sex), endeavored to serve him his buffalo broth, fresh fish, and elephant steak in polite sequence rather than *en masse*, a break might have ensued in domestic harmony ; we are persuaded that the cave-dweller, however amiable, would never have consented to, or enjoyed, a dinner in courses.

Traces of this primitive appetite may be seen in our youthful gourmands of to-day ; a child must be taught to wait for its dinner, just as it must be taught to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth. But here civilized tendencies, become hereditary, take part ; the palate asserts itself, and jam is preferred to cold mutton. For it is hardly probable that the taste of the stone-age man was either delicate or discriminating ; like Charles Reade's piquant Australian abo-

rigine, he wanted his "tomach 'tiff." And when we take into consideration the fact that the mind of this individual was free from the vexing details of civilized life, that his digestion was perfectly competent to do all that was required of it without encroaching on the rights of any of the other organs, and that he had no need to woo that knitter-up of care's ravelled sleeve, it is easy to understand that satiety must have been simply delightful—an unmitigated pleasure, shadowed by neither remorse nor apprehension.

Unfortunately, modern man has forfeited his right to such innocent joys by disobeying Nature's simple but severe laws, such as "early to bed, early to rise," etc. His satiety must be paid for *à la carte*, or else he leaves a complex debt behind, which his heirs have to settle as best they can.

"Lever à cinq, dîner à neuf,  
Souper à cinq, coucher à neuf,  
Fait vivre d'ans, nonante et neuf,"

runs the old French proverb, and anent this subject Sidney Smith observes that, "if you wish for anything like happiness in the fifth act of life, eat and drink about one-half of what you *would* eat and drink."

He then calculates with great gravity, that in the course of sixty years he had eaten and drunk forty-four wagon-loads of victuals and drinkables more than he needed, the value of this amounting to about seven thousand pounds. And he thus must have starved to death fully one hundred persons.

The witty and reverend gentleman doubtless had some right on his side; but in reality appetite, the desire for food and the power of absorbing and assimilating it, become race-questions, after all—modified of course by civilization; and it requires no great research to discover how much more quickly some nations developed taste, the æsthetics of the table, than others. For instance, it was early remarked that the Normans liked to spend their revenue in building fine castles, and were content to eat and drink in moderation, even sparingly; while the Saxon cared little for the style of his habitation, but loved feasting, and, to do him justice, feasting in company; to dine in private, to gluttonize alone, was considered disgraceful. As the races coalesced, the differences naturally became less marked: the Saxon menu grew more elaborate, more costly, and less coarse; while the Normans lost much of their sobriety, and, in the words of an old writer, ate until they were full, and drank until they were sick—after the Saxon manner.

Even in the midst of this childish greediness, however, the æsthet-



## LINCOLN AND FREMONT.

### The Causes of Their Estrangement as Explained by Fremont's Wife and Son.

#### The "Pathfinder's" Order Freeing the Slaves—How It Was Annulled by Lincoln—Some Interesting Correspondence—Fremont's Declination of the Cleveland Nomination.

[From advance sheets of "Great Events," the life of Gen. Fremont, written by Mrs. J. C. Fremont and Lieut. F. P. Fremont, United States Army.]

1852  
Prior to going abroad shortly before the outbreak of the war, in 1861, Gen. (then Colonel) Fremont, had an interview with President Lincoln, of the Astor House, in New York city. In the election, Fremont, though in California himself, had aided Lincoln by causing his friends to do their utmost for him, and this interview was to explain his refusal of the offices tendered him by the President, and to talk over the troubled future. At this time, and later, until the plans of self-seeking politicians demanded that they become estranged, the President and Gen. Fremont were in accord. When the rebellion broke out Fremont was sure of the support of the President, and did not hesitate to use his fortune and credit in England—where he was at the time, looking after his vast mining interests—in buying arms and other munitions of war for the United States, although the United States Minister, Adams, refused the Government sanction. Fremont offered his services to the Government as soon as the war broke out. Although the experiences through which he had passed might well have daunted any man from again submitting himself to the chances of military oppression that had been so unscrupulously wielded against Fremont in 1846, still he did so, and engaged in obtaining arms—often competing with the agents of the Confederacy, who were exceedingly active and well supplied with funds and official credit, while the United States was represented only by this citizen and his private fortune; and it must be remembered the United States was so deficient in arms at this time, and even later, that regiments were drilling with sticks.

When Gen. Fremont learned in England that he had been created a Major General in the regular army he at once started for the United States. In sending his nomination to the Senate Lincoln had recognized the fact that Fremont placed national above State interests, loyalty to the flag above friends and family ties, and that the convictions that had caused him to resist the introduction of slavery into the new State of California would enlist him to fight on the side whose justice he had urged in an out of the Senate. This recognition of Fremont's political faith and convictions made Lincoln's subsequent action in surrounding him with Secret Service spies a cause of estrangement between them when it became known to Fremont that Lincoln had given credence to the stories of his enemies to the effect that Fremont meditated the overthrow of the United States Government and the establishment of a military despotism, with himself as Dictator. How Lincoln, after evincing his faith in the loyalty of Fremont by appointing him a Major General and sending him to command a department comprising the entire West of the United States, could doubt his loyalty after Fremont's emancipation proclamation sixty days later—a proclamation that so shook the center of rebellion that its sympathizers in the North obtained its annulment by Lincoln—is a problem that even time can not solve, and an examination of the correspondence, while it points to the "man behind Fate," only serves to identify a mystery without explaining it.

#### THE SITUATION IN THE WEST.

Before quoting the correspondence a glance at the situation in the Department of the West in 1861 will aid in an understanding of the letters. The City of St. Louis—the headquarters of the Department of the West—was so completely in the possession of the Southern element that not a Union flag or uniform was exhibited. A Union officer could not even wear the uniform of the Government he defended. The situation is shown in a letter of the Rev. Dr. W. G. Elliot, of St. Louis, to his intimate friend, Salmon P. Chase:

"It should be remembered that Fremont assumed command at a time of greatest difficulty, just after the Manassas disaster, when the Union cause was at the lowest ebb. He found St. Louis terribly demoralized. The seces-

sionists were in ecstasies and had little doubt of speedy success. One of them openly said to me 'There was a bullet already loaded for every Yankee abolitionist in St. Louis.' Many of our wealthiest men openly declared themselves for the South. At one of the most conspicuous corners of the city—Fifth and Pine streets, in the well-known Berthold mansion—the Confederate headquarters were established, with the Confederate flag conspicuously flying, and recruits were openly enlisted for the Confederate cause. The city authorities did not dare to interfere. There was not a United States flag to be seen anywhere, and Union men spoke with bated breath."

Outside of St. Louis the country was in the hands of the rebels, except the few fortified points held by Union garrisons, and these were principally recruited from the three-months men, whose time was now expiring. A great source of trouble was the action of the rebel inhabitants of the State of Missouri, and a little later this became most serious.

The farmers would, when notified, join the camps of the rebel commanders in great numbers, suddenly augmenting their forces, and then, if the projected raid or attack was deferred, would return again to their homes, reducing the force correspondingly.

In this manner, however, it was impossible to foresee which point would be threatened next, and failing sufficient troops to control the State through force of arms, it became necessary to devise some means to prevent this guerilla warfare. The credit of the Government was about used up, and it had so lost prestige through the non-payment of its debts to the soldiers and those who furnished them supplies that it was regarded with contempt by the secessionists, and many Unionists came to doubt its power to compel.

For many days and nights the situation had been a most anxious one for Gen. Fremont; with unfulfilled requisitions in Washington, commanders of troops demanding re-enforcements where there were none to give, troops clamoring for their pay when there was no money, and those who furnished supplies suddenly advancing the price as soon as the Government was no longer doing business on a cash basis and they could take advantage of her necessities as a poor debtor. He determined to force the rebel sympathizers who did not join the rebel armies as soldiers to remain at home, and to make them feel that there was a penalty for rebellion and for aiding those who were in rebellion.

On the morning of August 30, shortly after daybreak, Mrs. Fremont found Gen. Fremont at his desk. He had sent for Mr. Edward Davis, of Philadelphia, who arrived as she came. It was sufficient light to see plainly, and the General said: "I want you two, but no others." Then, in the dawn of the new day, he read the emancipation order that first gave freedom to the slaves of rebels, and which he had thought out and written in the hours taken from his brief resting time.

#### LINCOLN'S RESPONSE.

This order, or rather proclamation, placed the State of Missouri under martial law, and it so remained until the end of the war. The clause in this proclamation that so threatened the success of the rebellion was the following:

"The property, real and personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri who shall take up arms against the United States, or who shall be directly proven to have taken an active part with their enemies in the field, is declared to be confiscated to the public use, and their slaves, if any they have, are hereby declared free men."

There are some curious accounts extant as to the actions of various high officials when this proclamation reached Washington. Certain it is that the official telegram had hardly reached the President when one of his Cabinet received the news through private sources and hastened to present his adverse views. Be it as it may, this was Lincoln's answer:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., September 2, 1861.—Maj. Gen. Fremont: MY DEAR SIR—Two points in your proclamation of August 30 give me some anxiety.

"1. Should you shoot a man, according to the proclamation, the Confederates would very certainly shoot our best men in their hands in retaliation, and so, man for man, indefinitely. It is, therefore, my order that you allow no man to be shot under the proclamation without first having my approbation and consent.

"2. I think there is great danger that the closing paragraph, in relation to the confiscation of property and the liberating slaves of traitorous owners, will alarm our Southern friends and turn them against us; perhaps ruin our rather fair prospect for Kentucky.

"Allow me, therefore, to ask that you will, as of your own motion, modify that paragraph so as to conform to the first and fourth sections of the act of Congress entitled 'An act to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes, approved August 6, 1861,' and a copy of which I herewith send you.

"This letter is written in a spirit of caution and not of censure. I send it by special messenger in order that it may certainly and speedily reach you. Yours, very truly,

"A. LINCOLN."

#### THINGS THAT LOOK QUEER.

Now comes one of the incidents that reveal how plans were marred by those who tried to use their official positions in Washington for their private ends. It is evident from the text that a double game was played by those who

had access to the President at this time, and to whom he had confided his plans and actions, only to have them betrayed. Apart from the text of the above letter, the following points ought to be considered:

1. The date is September 2, and the President states in his note: "I send it by special messenger, in order that it may certainly and speedily reach you." The messenger delivered the note to Gen. Fremont in St. Louis, September 8, six days later, although the journey was only a little over fifty hours' duration. He received the answering letter in the afternoon, left the same day, September 8, and delivered it to the President in time for him to write his answer, as dated, September 11. Where, then, were the note and the messenger during the six intervening days?

2. The President asked Gen. Fremont that he would, "of his own motion," modify the part of his proclamation relating to emancipation, and in order that it might be possible to carry out this request marked his note "Private," thus making evident his desire, "written in a spirit of caution," that it be known as Gen. Fremont's better judgment, on second thought, that freedom should not be given to slaves. Yet, at the same time, the special messenger makes public as he travels that the President ordered Gen. Fremont to do this, thereby nullifying the entire intended effect embodied in the President's request to Gen. Fremont. Are we to believe that President Lincoln wrote a note directing a secret action that he desired should appear spontaneous, marked it "Private," gave it to a special messenger to insure its "certain and speedy delivery," and then told that messenger the contents of that note and directed an interval of six days before the delivery of his communication? Such is not President Lincoln's known character. Some one in his confidence at Washington betrayed him.

#### FREMONT'S FIRMNESS.

The only reason that could have caused Fremont to hesitate in deciding on his course, that of acceding to the President's wish, was gone, owing to the publicity given the President's private note, and he answered at once:

"HEADQUARTERS WESTERN DEPARTMENT, ST. LOUIS, September 8, 1861.—The President: MY DEAR SIR—Your letter of the 2d by special messenger I know to have been written before you had received my letter, and before my telegraphic dispatches and the rapid development of critical conditions here had fully informed you of affairs in this quarter. I had not written to you fully and frequently—first, because, in the incessant change of affairs, I would be exposed to give you contradictory accounts; and, second, because the account of the subjects to be laid before you would demand too much of your time.

"Trusting to have your confidence, I have been leaving it to events themselves to show you whether or not I was shaping affairs here according to your ideas. The shortest communication between Washington and St. Louis generally involves two days, and the employment of two days in time of war goes largely toward success or disaster. I therefore went along according to my own judgment, leaving the result of my movements to justify me with you.

"And so in regard to my proclamation of the 30th. Between the rebel armies, the Provisional Government and home traitors I felt the position bad, and saw danger. In the night I decided upon the proclamation and the form of it. I wrote it the next morning and printed it the same day. I did it without consultation or advice with any one, acting solely with my best judgment to serve the country and yourself, and perfectly willing to receive the amount of censure which should be thought due if I made a false movement. This is as much a movement in the war as a battle, and in going into these I shall have to act according to my judgment of the ground before me, as I did on this occasion.

"If, upon reflection, your better judgment still decides that I am wrong in the article respecting the liberation of slaves, I have to ask that you will openly direct me to make the correction. The implied censure will be received as a soldier always should the reprimand of his chief. If I were to retract of my own accord, it would imply that I myself thought it wrong and that I had acted without the reflection which the gravity of the point demanded. But I did not. I acted with full deliberation and upon the certain conviction that it was a measure right and necessary, and I think so still.

"In regard to the other points of the proclamation to which you refer I desire to say that I do not think the enemy can either misconstrue or urge anything against it or undertake to make unusual retaliation. The shooting of men who shall rise in arms against an army in the military occupation of a country is merely a necessary measure of defense and entirely according to the usages of civilized warfare. The article does not at all refer to prisoners of war, and certainly our enemies have no ground for requiring that we should waive in their benefit any of the ordinary advantages which the usages of war allow to us. As promptitude is itself an advantage in war I have also to ask that you will permit me to carry out upon the spot the provisions of the proclamation in this respect. Looking at affairs from this point of view I am satisfied that strong and vigorous measures have now become necessary to the success of our arms, and hoping that my views may have the honor to meet your approval I am, with respect and regard, very truly yours,

"J. C. FREMONT."





The messenger left on the afternoon train, taking with him Gen. Fremont's answer to the President, and made the return trip in the schedule time of a little over two days. It would be interesting to know how the messenger's inexplicable delay was accounted for to President Lincoln. Was the President told that the delay had been caused by Gen. Fremont? \* \* \*

#### WHERE WAS SEWARD?

To the observer who knows the history of those days the question that might be asked is: Where was Seward, and how did he influence Lincoln at this juncture? His previous and later opinions and actions give small room to doubt his action when he hastened to the President immediately on learning of Fremont's proclamation. It has often been said that Lincoln's action at this time was not prompted by his first impulse, but grew out of consultations with some of his advisers. Indeed, the only reason urged by the President, in his letter of September 2, 1861, is the fear of alarming Southern friends and losing Kentucky to the Union. That this fear was groundless history is witness, for the rebels had already invaded Kentucky, and Fremont had in August commenced the movement on Paducah, and ordered Gen. U. S. Grant to take possession of that town and occupy Kentucky. Lincoln made no question of Fremont's undoubted right to make the proclamation, and the first slaves ever freed by the Government were emancipated under this proclamation of freedom, and it is an interesting question what would have been the duration of the war had Lincoln now confirmed and made of general application Fremont's order of emancipation for the State of Missouri instead of waiting a year.

Before me lies an old parchment covered and interlined with Gen. Fremont's writing, the original of the deed of manumission which freed "Frank Lewis, heretofore held to service or labor by said Thomas L. Sneed," who had been taking "active part with the enemies of the United States in the present insurrectionary movement against the Government of the United States," and declares the said Frank Lewis "to be free and forever discharged from the bonds of servitude."

What must have been his thoughts as he penned these lines that broke the invisible bonds and let the first of the race in bondage stand erect a free man! The deed was done, the word spoken, and henceforth the war was no longer alone for the debatable question of Union or no Union, but also for the greater issue, the right of every man to be free!

When the emancipation order was revoked by Lincoln the feeling of the North was voiced by Benjamin F. Wade, who wrote to Fremont begging him not to resign. "Persevere," he urged, "and as sure as God reigns the Administration will have to come over; we can not and we ought not to conquer this rebellion on any other principles."

The spirit of prophecy was upon him—in another year the slaves had their delayed freedom.

The episode that follows shows how strained the relations became between the President and Gen. Fremont, and brings clearly to the front some interesting family history of the Blairs—especially Montgomery—who was Lincoln's Postmaster General.

The estrangement between Lincoln and Fremont is followed down to the time when the latter accepts the nomination of the branch of the Republican party desirous of terminating the war regardless of local issues, and which represented the mass of voters dissatisfied with the conduct of the war. Gen. Fremont was naturally the man chosen to represent the feeling, for he had in his person been persecuted by the Lincoln government for advocating many of the measures whose adoption had been the hope of the party that nominated Gen. Fremont at Cleveland, O., in 1864. This movement had the indorsement of Govs. Andrew and Curtin and many others who commanded the trust and respect of Unionists. It has been the fashion since the war to belittle this Cleveland Convention, but all thinking men knew at the time that if the contest between Fremont and Lincoln was carried to the polls neither would be elected, but the division of the party would result in the election of the Democratic candidate, Gen. Geo. B. McClellan.

#### FREMONT'S GENEROSITY.

A curious feature of human nature comes to the front at this juncture. Fremont had been unable to get a command from Lincoln, though the refusal of the latter had been often qualified with promises that the former should have a command and active service, but these promises were never kept, and many facts had combined to make Fremont feel that he was under the ban of the Government and debarred from active service, and now, when the strength of the Cleveland party developed and the support of the German population and press threatened the power of the Lincoln party, history repeated itself, as it usually does, and after several conferences Lincoln determined to ask Fremont's aid in securing his re-election, for Lincoln was determined not to withdraw, and

therefore asked Fremont to sacrifice himself. In return he was offered high command and active service and other alluring conditions. These were refused, but Senator Chandler's presentation of the fact that on him depended the success of the Republican party, whose first nominee he had been, and that the failure of the party to succeed now would throw the Government into the hands of the Democratic party, prevailed with Gen. Fremont, and he withdrew from the field, leaving success certain for Lincoln. His opinion of him was unchanged, and, to quote his own words, "It was for the nation, not the man, that I withdrew." Had the Democratic party come into power at this time, the large portion of it composed of Southern sympathizers and "Copperheads" would have been a welcome accession to the cause of disunion.

Senator Chandler's mission to Gen. Fremont was not bruited abroad; and although it was known at the time to those who governed the politics of that day, the written acknowledgment of Gen. Fremont's sacrifice to weld the Republican party has never been published until now. The occasion that caused this letter to be written by Senator Chandler gave rise to the doubt expressed in the last sentence, but the result showed that he underestimated the appreciation of President Hayes:

"DETROIT, May 29, 1878.—Hon. J. C. Fremont: MY DEAR SIR—In 1864 the political horizon was dark and threatening. I then, in common with most if not all prominent Republicans, deemed it of vital importance that you should decline the Cleveland nomination for the presidency and unite the party upon Mr. Lincoln. With this object in view and in accordance with the wishes of Mr. Lincoln and the Chairmen of both the National and Congressional Executive Committees, I visited you in New York. Suffice it to say the negotiation was successful, the party became a unit, Mr. Lincoln was re-elected and the Government saved.

"I then deemed the matter of vital importance, and now, after fourteen years have elapsed, deem it of equal importance. Mr. Washburne—late Minister to France—ex-Senator Harlan and Judge Edmunds, now Postmaster in Washington, were present with me at each and every interview I had with Mr. Lincoln upon this subject.

"It would afford me really great pleasure to aid you in any way in my power, but I doubt my influence with the present Administration. Very truly and sincerely yours,

"Z. CHANDLER."

The split in the Republican party that caused Mr. Lincoln and his confidential advisers to ask the man who the Administration had tried to break down to withdraw and permit the re-election of Lincoln is studiously misrepresented by Lincoln historians. It is a measure of the lack of veracity of Hay and Nicolay or their lack of confidential relations with Lincoln that causes them to state in their "history" the reverse of the facts contained in the above letter of Senator Chandler. The fact that a misstatement is made in the same work about Mrs. Fremont indicates intention rather than ignorance.

FRANCIS PRESTON FREMONT,  
United States Army.

*St. Louis Globe Democrat*  
*Sept 11, 1892*



# Lincoln's Emissary Disguised

## Got Through, Fired Fremont

By TOM HENSHAW  
Associated Press Staff Writer

One of the most bizarre secret missions of the Civil War was performed by T. I. McKenny of Olympia, Wash., who disguised himself as the enemy to serve ouster papers on a Union general.

The general was John C. Fremont, explorer, politician and sometime soldier, who strongly suspected the papers were on their way and surrounded himself with a bodyguard to prevent their delivery.

In modern terms, the situation would be roughly comparable to President Harry S. Truman's sending an officer disguised as a Korean to relieve General Douglas MacArthur of Command during the Korean War.

Fremont was among the most famous Americans of his day.

He had explored and mapped California and the Rockies. He had been one of California's first two senators. He had been the Republicans' first candidate for president only five years before.

### Tried To Free Slaves

At the start of the war, he hustled back from a European vacation to receive appointment as a major general and command of the Department of the West with headquarters in hotly secessionist Missouri.

One of his first moves was to issue a general order freeing the slaves owned by all Missourians who were bearing arms against the Government. President Lincoln canceled the order.

Shortly after Fremont assumed command, a Union Army under General Nathaniel Lyon was overwhelmed at Wilson's Creek, Mo., and another force of 1,600 under Col. James Mulligan was captured at Lexington, Mo.

Fremont was popularly blamed for both disasters and they earned him the enmity of the powerful Blair family of Missouri, Frank a congressman and Montgomery the Postmaster General.

An air of corruption hung over his department, too. In an ensuing investigation, Fremont emerged as a personally honest man, but one prone to extravagance, mismanagement and blunder.

### Fenced Himself In

It was clear to President Lincoln that he had to go and Lincoln issued an order to that effect. It was clear to Fremont, too, and he surrounded himself with a strong security fence against the order.

This was the problem that confronted T. I. McKenny, an officer on the staff of General Samuel R. Curtis, who was called upon to deliver the order in late October, 1861.

Fremont's feelings about giving up command were well known, so McKenny first went to a second-hand clothing dealer in St. Louis and outfitted himself as a Southern planter.

Then, traveling by train and horseback, he rode out to Fremont's lines, identifying himself as a messenger from inside the rebel lines with important information for Fremont's eyes alone.

Staff aides told him the general was too busy to see him and offered to pass the message on. McKenny refused and waited. Hours went by. Finally, in late evening of November 2, he was admitted to Fremont's presence.

"The general was sitting at the end of a quite long table," McKenny recalled. "I can never forget the appearance of the man as he sat there, with his piercing eyes and his hair parted in the middle.

### Surprise, General

... from my coat hanging the document which had been sewed in there and handed the same to him which he nervously took and opened."

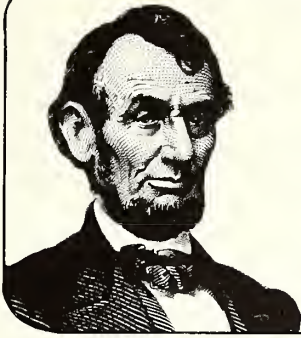
Fremont slammed the paper down on the table and frowned.

"Sir!" he thundered, "how did you get admission into my lines?"

It really didn't matter anymore. Fremont was no longer in command of the West and a spot was opened for a later successor, General Ulysses S. Grant, then a minor Fremont subordinate.







# Lincoln Lore

April, 1980

Bulletin of the Louis A. Warren Lincoln Library and Museum. Mark E. Neely, Jr., Editor.  
Mary Jane Hubler, Editorial Assistant. Published each month by the  
Lincoln National Life Insurance Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana 46801.

Number 1706

## BROWNING'S PECULIAR TURN TO THE RIGHT

Those who keep diaries often influence the writing of history far more than they influenced events in their own day. Gideon Welles occupied a position in Lincoln's Cabinet inferior to William H. Seward's and Edwin M. Stanton's, but his sourly independent diary wrecked the reputations of dozens of Washington politicians. One reason the Radical Republicans have fared so poorly in historical writing is that most of the prominent diarists around Lincoln hated them. Welles, John Hay, and Edward Bates saw them as "Jacobins," but there is little evidence that the President saw the Radicals the same way. Salmon P. Chase, whose diary might have balanced the picture over the years, never had the influence on historical writing that the conservatives had, because he did not as clearly admire Lincoln as they did. Criticizing Abraham Lincoln has never been a good way to gain the trust of historians.

The other great diarist near the Lincoln administration, Orville Hickman Browning, was also a Radical-hater. His erratic and ultimately inexplicable political course during the Civil War reveals the danger in relying too heavily on diaries, which may reflect peculiar political positions.

Browning was never much of a "Lincoln man." He had hoped that Edward Bates would be the Republican nominee for President in 1860. However, the Illinois delegation, of which Browning was a member, was pledged to Lincoln, and Browning worked for Lincoln's nomination at the convention. Even after the nomination, Browning thought that "we have made a mistake in the selection of candidates." His assistance in getting Bates to support the Republican ticket proved vital, but Browning had little luck in recommending Cabinet appointments. He wanted to see Bates become Secretary of State and Joseph Holt, Secretary of War. Browning's was one of many voices raised against Norman B. Judd's inclusion in Lincoln's official family.

Browning exercised his greatest influence on the Lincoln

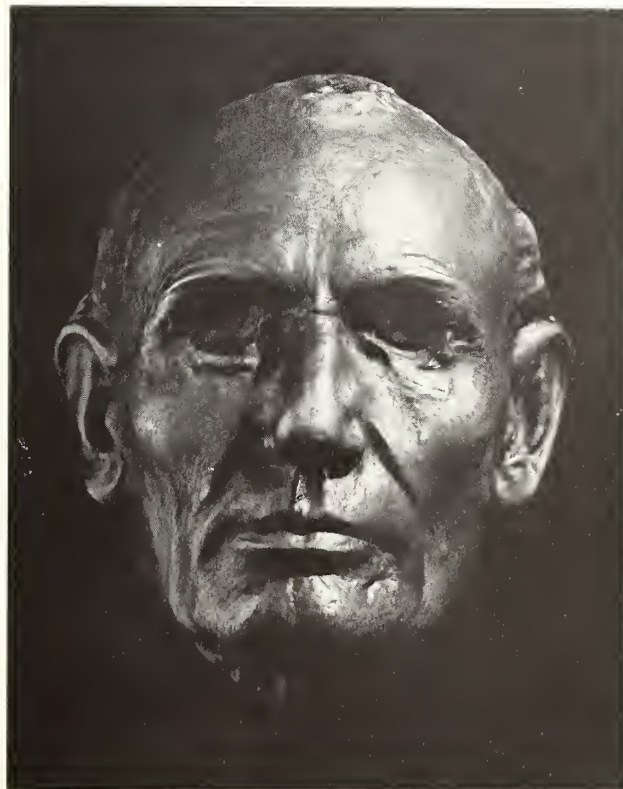
administration when he read a draft of the First Inaugural Address and suggested removing a provocative threat to "reclaim the public property and places which have fallen" in the seceded states. Browning's reasoning has often been taken as Lincoln's. He admitted that Lincoln's draft was right in principle without altering the threat to "reclaim" federal property, but, Browning explained,

In any conflict which may ensue between the government and the seceding States, it is very important that the traitors shall be the aggressors, and that they are kept constantly and palpably in the wrong.

The first attempt that is made to furnish supplies or reinforcements to Sumter will induce aggression by South Carolina, and then the government will stand justified, before the entire country, in repelling that aggression, and retaking the forts.

After Fort Sumter fell, Browning imputed his own reasoning to Lincoln. "Upon looking into the laws," he told the President on April 18, "which clothe you with power to act in this emergency, I am not sure that you expected, or desired any other result."

Browning was a conservative by nature, but war brought out a radical streak in him. If Baltimore stood in the way of troops coming to protect Washington, he told Lincoln, it should be "laid in ruin." Before April was over, he thought it likely that slaves would flock to the Union armies and inevitably "rise in rebellion." "The time is not yet," he added, "but it will come when it will be necessary for you to march an army into the South, and proclaim freedom to the slaves." Browning celebrated General John C. Frémont's proclamation freeing the slaves of rebels in Missouri in the late summer of 1861, and he thought the President wrong to revoke it. Frémont's proclamation did "not deal with citizens at all," Browning remonstrated, "but with public enemies." Citing precedents in international law, he insisted that war abolished society and



From the Louis A. Warren  
Lincoln Library and Museum

**FIGURE 1.** Browning recalled that sculptor Leonard W. Volk had worked in a marble yard in Quincy, Illinois, Browning's home. Lincoln's friend thought Volk's bust of Stephen A. Douglas "decidedly a work of genius." Volk is better known for his famous life mask of Lincoln. Dr. O. Gerald Trigg allowed the Louis A. Warren Lincoln Library and Museum to photograph his superb bronze casting of the mask with the striking result above. For more information on the mask and on Volk's famous castings of Lincoln's hands, turn to the second article in this issue of *Lincoln Lore*.



gave "liberty to use violence *in infinitum*." "All their property," Browning said, "is subject to be . . . confiscated, and disposed of absolutely and forever by the belligerent power, without any reference whatever to the laws of society." Lincoln disagreed sharply.

After the death of Senator Stephen A. Douglas in June of 1861, Governor Richard Yates appointed Browning to finish his term. In the Senate, Browning defended the administration's arbitrary arrests and voted for the First Confiscation Act. He voted to emancipate slaves in the District of Columbia.

After April of 1862, Browning turned suddenly to the right. He opposed the Second Confiscation Act and urged Lincoln to veto it. It was a test "whether he [Lincoln] was to control the abolitionists and Radicals or whether they were to control him." He praised Lincoln's letter in answer to Horace Greeley's "Prayer of Twenty Millions" for emancipation, and he bitterly opposed the Emancipation Proclamation that fall. Browning was campaigning for Congressional candidates in Illinois when he heard it had been issued, and he practically stopped in his tracks. He slowed down his campaigning, and he twice pleaded with Lincoln to alter the Proclamation.

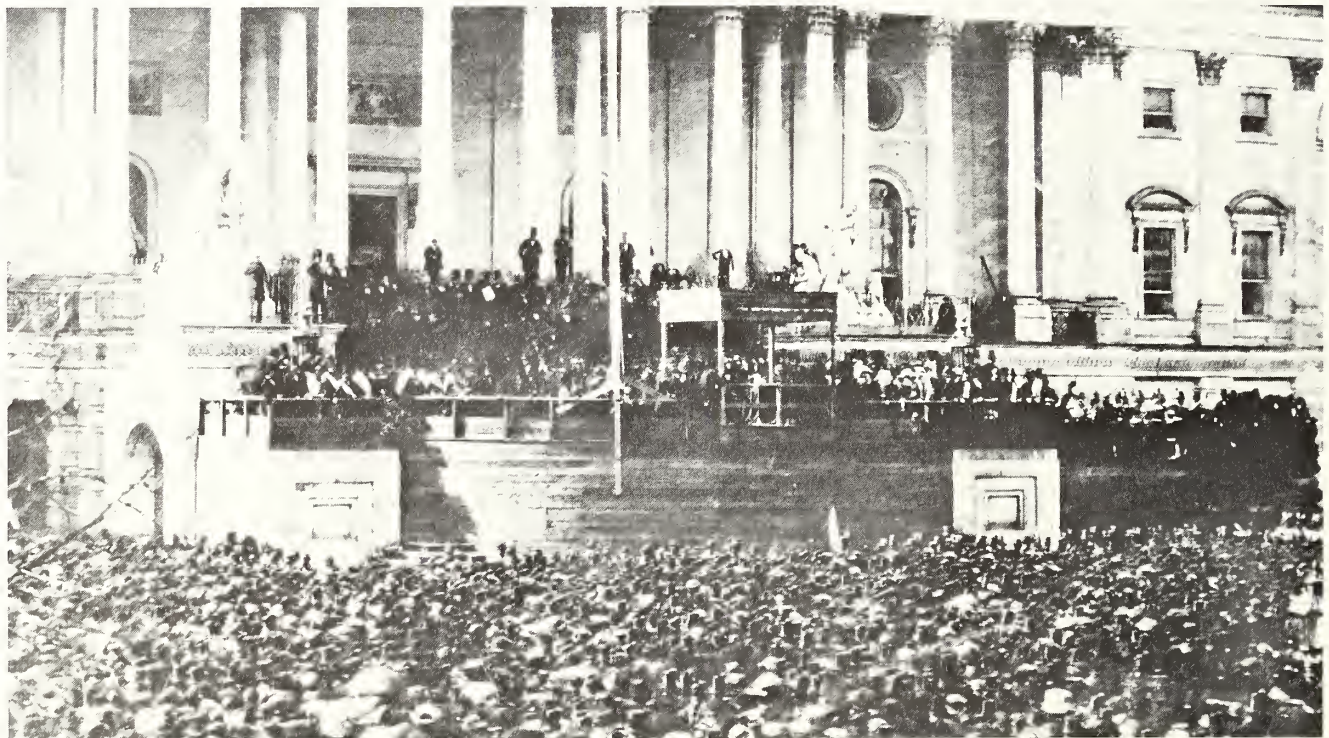
There is no explanation for the suddenness of Browning's change. In principle the Emancipation Proclamation was little different from Frémont's proclamation, and Browning had quarreled with Lincoln for revoking that. Lincoln's assault on slavery seemed to be legitimate by the very precedents in international law which Browning had called to Lincoln's attention. The Illinois Senator was disappointed that the President had not appointed him to the United States Supreme Court. He wanted the job so badly that he wrote Lincoln a somewhat embarrassed letter asking for it outright, admitting that it was "an office peculiarly adapted to my tastes." By the spring of 1862, Lincoln still had not filled the position, and many thought Browning was still in the running. Lincoln did not decide to appoint David Davis until July, and Browning had already turned to the right by that time.

Politically, Browning became increasingly disaffected from the administration. There was much doubt by 1864 that he would support Lincoln's reelection. Browning told a friend in September that he had "never . . . been able to persuade myself that he [Lincoln] was big enough for his position." No one knows how he voted in November. Browning's Civil War politics are an enigma to this day.



From the Louis A. Warren  
Lincoln Library and Museum

**FIGURE 2.** Orville Hickman Browning remained personally friendly to Lincoln even after their political disagreements. Gustave Koerner, a fellow Illinois Republican, always remembered Browning's "conspicuous . . . ruffled shirt and large cuffs." Their relations were pleasant enough, but Koerner would "have liked him better if he had been a little less conscious of his own superiority."



**FIGURE 3.** Lincoln's first inauguration.

From the Louis A. Warren  
Lincoln Library and Museum



# Books of The Times

By Anatole Broyard

DREAM WEST. By David Nevin. 639 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$17.95.

**H**OW can anyone take seriously a novel with a title like "Dream West"? Yet this is a good book of its kind, a rousing, old-fashioned yarn, a saga, the sort of novel, with a cast of thousands, that we generally call "sprawling." And David Nevin is just the man to write the story of the exploration and development of the American West. While this is only his first novel, he is an award-winning journalist who has written several popular histories of the West. He says he spent more than eight years researching "Dream West," and it's full of authentic, colorful stuff.

But while it's a relief to be reading about something other than irony, anxiety, anguish, or sex, I find myself instinctively distrusting a novel with so many characters and such a broad ambition. Why, even "War and Peace" seems more modest. How can anyone—especially a first novelist—animate that many people? They're just a bit too unambiguous, as if Mr. Nevin had time to describe only the more obvious parts of their personalities. And everything in the book is too heavily accented, too eagerly definite. Also, I felt I was being bribed with extra helpings of adventure, panorama, history and romance.

"Dream West" is the more or less true story of John Charles Frémont, the 19th-century explorer who played an important part in opening up California and Oregon to settlers. According to Mr. Nevin, Frémont was handsome, brave, resourceful, imaginative, charismatic and rash—in other words, a hero. His were not mere travels or discoveries—they were exploits, stamped with his personal determination. He crossed impassable mountains in midwinter, shot rapids in a flimsy rubber boat, outwitted Indians—and then, with the help of his wife, wrote a best-selling book about it.

Frémont is attractive, and so is his wife, Jessie, who was the daughter of Senator Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri. In fact, they may be too attractive, for in good novels we recognize people by their faults. I couldn't get a purchase on Frémont because he had only one fault and that was a surfeit of self-confidence.

Mr. Nevin sees Frémont as a figure in a landscape, posed against American life. And he was, apparently, in the middle of everything. Besides his Western explorations, he was one of California's first two senators and ran for President against James Buchanan in 1856. During the Civil War, he served as a major general in the



David Z. Nevin

David Nevin

Union forces, and in 1864, he refused another Presidential nomination because it would have split the Republican Party. Frémont even made and lost a fortune in the Gold Rush.

"It is your destiny," a girl tells the adolescent Frémont, "to seek out the end of things." This does not appear to be a happy fate, for he is betrayed by almost everyone—by the Army, his friends, and by Presidents James Polk and Abraham Lincoln. Though he is always in the right, Frémont usually ends up holding the bag. Eventually, I got impatient with his inability to learn to manage, anticipate or understand people. Also, Mr. Nevin's picture of politics as a dirty business sounds a sour note in a novel otherwise filled with noble sentiments. It's too black and white for a book written in Technicolor.

Still, "Dream West" is as rich in detail and romance as the paintings of the Hudson River School. It has a few surprises, too. Lincoln, for example, is portrayed as a military blunderer and a vacillating politician. Sometimes he shows less common sense than Kit Carson. Jessie Frémont gives him a good school-marmy lecture in his chambers, after having practiced earlier on President Polk.

I have, obviously, mixed feelings about "Dream West." While I couldn't put it down, I couldn't hold it up either as an unqualified blessing. However, this could be my failing rather than Mr. Nevin's. I may be one of those readers who can only dream East.

New York Times  
January 18, 1984







FREMONT



JOHN CHARLES FREMONT — SOLDIER, EXPLORER  
AND PUBLIC MAN — HE EARLY TRAVERSED  
THE OVERLAND ROUTES TO THE PACIFIC  
SLOPE, WAS A LEADER IN THE "BEAR  
FLAG WAR," AND FOUGHT TO BRING  
CALIFORNIA INTO THE UNION

*From a copyrighted photograph by Doremus,  
Paterson, New Jersey*



111  
112  
113  
114  
115

